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PRÆTERITA.

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THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

PRÆTERITA.

OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS
PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY
IN MY PAST LIFE.

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or
1819-1900

BY
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VOLUME III.

WITH ONE ENGRAVING.

N.N. 8-36

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NOTE.

This Volume of "Præterita" consists of the Four Chapters published by Mr. Ruskin in 1885–9, together with the two of "Dilecta" published by him in 1886–7. A further part of "Dilecta," hitherto unpublished, but set up in type, and revised by Mr. Ruskin, is now added, together with a full Index to all Three Volumes.

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[NOTE.—*The Tables of Contents which are now added to this edition of "Præterita" have been prepared by the compiler of the Index. The dates at the head of each chapter are those with which the chapter mainly deals, although other topics, referring to later years, are often included in the same chapter.*]

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PRÆTERITA.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

(*Written at Nyon in* 1845.)

O Mount beloved, mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire.
O Mount beloved, thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
And reverent desire.

They meet me, 'midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amid the desert found:—
Such gladness, as in Him they felt
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Ah, happy, if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And by the torrent side
To lead me as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer through the lonely rocks
In peace, unterrified;

Since, from the things that trustful rest,
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense
Of gratefulness nor confidence,
But still regrets and raves,
Till all God's love can scarcely win
One soul from taking pride in sin,
And pleasure over graves.

Yet teach me, God, a milder thought,
Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
Least honourable be;
And this, that leads me to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them
Than jealousy for Thee.

1. THESE verses, above noticed (vol. ii. § 109), with one following sonnet, as the last rhymes I attempted in any seriousness, were nevertheless themselves extremely earnest, and express, with more boldness and simplicity than I feel able to use now with my readers, the real temper in which I began the best work of my life. My mother at once found fault with the words 'sanguine stain,' as painful, and untrue of the rose-colour on snow at sunset; but they had their meaning to myself,

—the too common Evangelical phrase, 'washed in the blood of Christ,' being, it seemed to me, if true at all, true of the earth and her purest snow, as well as of her purest creatures; and the claim of being able to find among the rock-shadows thoughts such as hermits of old found in the desert, whether it seem immodest or not, was wholly true. Whatever might be my common faults or weaknesses, they were rebuked among the hills; and the only days I can look back to as, according to the powers given me, rightly or wisely in entireness spent, have been in sight of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, or the Jungfrau.

When I was most strongly under this influence, I tried to trace,—and I think have traced rightly, so far as I was then able,—in the last chapter of 'Modern Painters,' the power of mountains in solemnizing the thoughts and purifying the hearts of the greatest nations of antiquity, and the greatest teachers of Christian faith. But I did not then dwell on what I had only felt, but not ascertained,—the destruction of all sensibility of this high order in the populations of modern Europe, first by the fine luxury of

the fifteenth century, and then by the coarse lusts of the eighteenth and early nineteenth: destruction so total that religious men themselves became incapable of education by any natural beauty or nobleness; and though still useful to others by their ministrations and charities, in the corruption of cities, were themselves lost,—or even degraded, if they ever went up into the mountain to preach, or into the wilderness to pray.

2. There is no word, in the fragment of diary recording, in last 'Præterita,'* our brief visit to the Grande Chartreuse, of anything we saw or heard there that made impression upon any of us. Yet a word was said, of significance enough to alter the courses of religious thought in me, afterwards for ever.

I had been totally disappointed with the Monastery itself, with the pass of approach to it, with the mountains round it, and with the monk who showed us through it. The building was meanly designed and confusedly grouped; the road up to it nothing like so terrific as most roads in the Alps up to anywhere; the mountains round were simplest

* This should be 'last but one.' See vol. ii. § 209.—ED.

commonplace of Savoy cliff, with no peaks, no glaciers, no cascades, nor even any slopes of pine in extent of majesty. And the monk who showed us through the corridors had no cowl worth the wearing, no beard worth the wagging, no expression but of superciliousness without sagacity, and an ungraciously dull manner, showing that he was much tired of the place, more of himself, and altogether of my father and me.

Having followed him for a time about the passages of the scattered building, in which there was nothing to show,—not a picture, not a statue, not a bit of old glass, or well-wrought vestment or jewellery; nor any architectural feature in the least ingenious or lovely, we came to a pause at last in what I suppose was a type of a modern Carthusian's cell, wherein, leaning on the window sill, I said something in the style of 'Modern Painters,' about the effect of the scene outside upon religious minds. Whereupon, with a curl of his lip, 'We do not come here,' said the monk, 'to look at the mountains.' Under which rebuke I bent my head silently, thinking however all the

same, 'What then, by all that's stupid, do you come here for at all?'

3. Which, from that hour to this, I have not conceived; nor, after giving my best attention to the last elaborate account of Carthusian faith, 'La Grande Chartreuse, par un Chartreux, Grenoble, 5, Rue Brocherie, 1884,' am I the least wiser. I am informed by that author that his fraternity are *Eremite* beyond all other manner of men,—that they delight in solitude, and in that amiable disposition pass lives of an angelic tenor, meditating on the charms of the next world, and the vanities of this one.

I sympathize with them in their love of quiet—to the uttermost; but do not hold that liking to be the least pious or amiable in myself, nor understand why it seems so to them; or why their founder, St. Bruno,—a man of the brightest faculties in teaching, and exhorting, and directing; also, by favour of fortune, made a teacher and governor in the exact centre of European thought and order, the royal city of Rheims,—should think it right to leave all that charge, throw down his rod of rule, his

crozier of protection, and come away to enjoy meditation on the next world by himself.

And why meditation among the Alps? He and his disciples might as easily have avoided the rest of mankind by shutting themselves into a penitentiary on a plain, or in whatever kind country they chanced to be born in, without danger to themselves of being buried by avalanches, or trouble to their venerating visitors in coming so far up hill.

Least of all I understand how they could pass their days of meditation without getting interested in plants and stones, whether they would or no; nor how they could go on writing books in scarlet and gold,—(for they were great scribes, and had a beautiful library,)—persisting for centuries in the same patterns, and never trying to draw a bird or a leaf rightly—until the days when books were illuminated no more for religion, but for luxury, and the amusement of sickly fancy.

4. Without endeavouring to explain any of these matters, I will try to set down

in this chapter, merely what I have found monks or nuns like, when by chance I was thrown into their company, and of what use they have been to me.

And first let me thank my dear Miss Edgeworth for the ideal character of Sister Frances, in her story of Madame de Fleury, which, read over and over again through all my childhood, fixed in me the knowledge of what a good sister of charity can be, and for the most part is, in France; and, of late, I suppose in Germany and England.

But the first impression from life of the secluded Sisterhoods* was given me at the Convent of St. Michael, on the summit of the isolated peak of lava at Le Puy, in Auvergne, in 1840. The hostess-sister who showed my father and me what it was permitted to see of chapel or interior buildings, was a cheerful, simple creature, pleased with us at once for our courtesy to her, and admiration of her mountain home, and belief

* Of the Brotherhoods, of course the first I knew were those of St. Bernard; but these were not secluded for their own spiritual welfare, any more than our coastguardsmen by the Goodwin sands; and are to be spoken of elsewhere, and in quite other relations to the modern world.

in her sacred life. Protestant visitors being then rare in Auvergne, and still more, reverent and gentle ones, she gave her pretty curiosity free sway; and enquired earnestly of us, what sort of creatures we were,—how far we believed in God, or tried to be good, or hoped to go to heaven? And our responses under this catechism being in their sum more pleasing to her than she had expected, and manifesting, to her extreme joy and wonder, a Christian spirit, so far as she could judge, in harmony with all she had been herself taught, she proceeded to cross-examine us on closer points of Divinity, to find out, if she could, why we were, or unnecessarily called ourselves, anything else than Catholic? The one flaw in our faith which at last her charity fastened on, was that we were not *sure* of our salvation in Christ, but only hoped to get into heaven,—and were not at all, by that dim hope, relieved from terror of death, when at any time it should come. Whereupon she launched involuntarily into an eager and beautiful little sermon, to every word of which her own perfectly happy and innocent face gave vivid

power, and assurance of sincerity,—how 'we needed to be *sure* of our safety in Christ, and that every one might be so who came to Him and prayed to Him; and that all good Catholics were as sure of heaven as if they were already there;' and so dismissed us at the gate with true pity, and beseeching that we would prove the goodness of God, and be in peace. Which exhortation of hers I have never forgotten; only it has always seemed to me that there was no entering into that rest of hers but by living on the top of some St. Michael's rock too, which it did not seem to me I was meant to do, by any means.

But in here recording the impression made on my father and me, I must refer to what I said above of our common feeling of being, both of us, as compared with my mother, reprobate and worldly characters, despising our birthright like Esau, or cast out, for our mocking ways, like Ishmael. For my father never ventured to give me a religious lesson; and though he went to church with a resigned countenance, I knew very well that he liked going just as little as I did.

5. The second and fourth summers after that, 1842 and 1844, were spent happily and quietly in the Prieuré* of Chamouni, and there of course we all of us became acquainted with the curé, and saw the entire manner of life in a purely Catholic village and valley,—recognising it, I hope, all of us, in our hearts, to be quite as Christian as anything we knew of, and much pleasanter and prettier than the Sunday services, in England, which exhaust the little faith we have left.

Wordsworth, in his continental notices of peasant Catholicism, recognises, also at Chamouni, very gracefully this external prettiness—

'They too, who send so far a holy gleam,
As they the Church engird with motion slow,
A product of that awful mountain seem
Poured from its vaults of everlasting snow.
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair forms that in long order glide
Bear to the glacier band, those shapes aloft descried.'

* Not in the Priory itself, but the Hôtel de l'Union. The whole village is called "The Priory."

But on me, the deeper impression was of a continuous and serene hold of their happy faith on the life alike of Sunday and Monday, and through every hour and circumstance of youth and age; which yet abides in all the mountain Catholic districts of Savoy, the Waldstetten, and the Tyrol, to their perpetual honour and peace; and this without controversy, or malice towards the holders of other beliefs.

6. Next, in 1845, I saw in Florence, as above told, the interior economy of the monasteries at Santa Maria Novella,—in the Franciscan cloisters of Fesole, and in Fra Angelico's, both at San Domenico and San Marco. Which, in whatever they retained of their old thoughts and ways, were wholly beautiful; and the monks with whom I had any casual intercourse, always kind, innocently eager in sympathy with my own work, and totally above men of the 'world' in general understanding, courtesy, and moral sense.

Men of the *outer* world, I mean, of course,—official and commercial. Afterwards at Venice I had a very dear and not at all

monastic, friend, Rawdon Brown; but *his* society were the Venetians of the fifteenth century. The Counts Minischalchi at Verona, and Borromeo at Milan, would have been endlessly kind and helpful to me; but I never could learn Italian enough to speak to them. Whereas, with my monkish friends, at the Armenian isle of Venice, and in any churches or cloisters through North Italy, where I wanted a niche to be quiet in, and chiefly at last in Assisi, I got on with any broken French or Italian I could stutter, without minding; and was always happy.

7. But the more I loved or envied the monks, and the more I despised the modern commercial and fashionable barbaric tribes, the more acutely also I felt that the Catholic political hierarchies, and isolated remnants of celestial enthusiasm, were hopelessly at fault in their dealing with these adversaries; having also elements of corruption in themselves, which justly brought on them the fierce hostility of men like Garibaldi in Italy, and of the honest and open-hearted liberal leaders in other countries. Thus, irrespectively of all immediate contest or progress, I saw in

the steady course of the historical reading by which I prepared myself to write the Stones of Venice, that, alike in the world and the Church, the hearts of men were led astray by the same dreams and desires; and whether in seeking for Divine perfection, or earthly pleasure, were alike disobeying the laws of God when they withdrew from their direct and familiar duties, and ceased, whether in ascetic or self-indulgent lives, to honour and love their neighbour as themselves.

While these convictions prevented me from being ever led into acceptance of Catholic teaching by my reverence for the Catholic art of the great ages,—and the less, because the Catholic art of these small ages can say but little for itself,—I grew also daily more sure that the peace of God rested on all the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor; and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity.

8. In which pure religion neither St. Bruno himself nor any of his true disciples failed: and I perceive it finally notable of them, that, poor by resolute choice of a life of

hardship, without any sentimental or fallacious glorifying of 'Holy poverty' as if God had never promised full garners for a blessing; and always choosing men of high intellectual power for the heads of their community, they have had more directly wholesome influence on the outer world than any other order of monks so narrow in number, and restricted in habitation. For while the Franciscan and Cistercian monks became everywhere a constant element in European society, the Carthusians, in their active sincerity, remained, in groups of not more than from twelve to twenty monks in any single monastery, the tenants of a few wild valleys of the north-western Alps; the subsequent overflowing of their brotherhood into the Certosas of the Lombard plains being mere waste and wreck of them; and the great Certosa of Pavia one of the worst shames of Italy, associated with the accursed reign of Galeazzo Visconti. But in their strength, from the foundation of the order, at the close of the eleventh century, to the beginning of the fourteenth, they reared in their mountain fastnesses, and sent out to minister to the

world, a succession of men of immense mental grasp, and serenely authoritative innocence; among whom our own Hugo of Lincoln, in his relations with Henry I. and Cœur de Lion, is to my mind the most beautiful sacerdotal figure known to me in history. The great Pontiffs have a power which in its strength can scarcely be used without cruelty, nor in its scope without error; the great Saints are always in some degree incredible or unintelligible; but Hugo's power is in his own personal courage and justice only; and his sanctity as clear, frank, and playful as the waves of his own Chartreuse well.*

9. I must not let myself be led aside from my own memories into any attempt to trace the effect on Turner's mind of his visit to the Chartreuse, rendered as it is in the three subjects of the Liber Studiorum,—from the Chartreuse itself, from Holy Island, and Dumblane Abbey. The strength of it was checked by his love and awe of the sea, and sailor heroism, and confused by his classical

* The original building was grouped round a spring in the rock, from which a runlet was directed through every cell.

thought and passion; but in my own life, the fading away of the nobler feelings in which I had worked in the Campo Santo of Pisa, however much my own fault, was yet complicated with the inevitable discovery of the falseness of the religious doctrines in which I had been educated.

10. The events of the ten years 1850—1860, for the most part wasted in useless work, must be arranged first in their main order, before I can give clear account of any thing that happened in them. But this breaking down of my Puritan faith, being the matter probably most important to many readers of my later books, shall be traced in this chapter to the sorrowful end. Note first the main facts of the successive years of the decade.

1851. Turner dies, while I am at first main work in Venice, for 'The Stones of Venice.'

1852. Final work in Venice for 'Stones of Venice.' Book finished that winter. Six hundred quarto pages of notes for it, fairly and closely written, now useless. Drawings as many—of a sort; useless too.

1853. Henry Acland in Glenfinlas with me. Drawing of gneiss rock made; now in

the school at Oxford. Two months' work in what fair weather could be gleaned out of that time.

1854. With my father and mother at Vevay and Thun. I take up the history of Switzerland, and propose to engrave a series of drawings of the following Swiss towns: Geneva, Fribourg, Basle, Thun, Baden, and Schaffhausen. I proceed to make drawings for this work, of which the first attempted (of Thun) takes up the whole of the summer, and is only half done then. Definition of Poetry, for 'Modern Painters,' written at Vevay, looking across lake to Chillon. It leaves out rhythm, which I now consider a defect in said definition; otherwise good,—'The arrangement, by imagination, of noble motive for noble emotion.' I forget the exact words, but these others will do as well, perhaps better.

11. 1855. Notes on Royal Academy begun. The spring is so cold that the hawthorns are only in bud on the 5th of June. I get cough, which lasts for two months, till I go down to Tunbridge Wells to my doctor cousin, William Richardson, who puts me to bed, gives me some syrup, cures me in three

days, and calls me a fool for not coming to him before, with some rather angry warnings that I had better not keep a cough for two months again. Third volume of 'Modern Painters' got done with, somehow, but didn't know what to call it, so called it 'Of Many Things.' But none of *these* were 'done with,' as I found afterwards, to my cost.

1856. With my father and mother to Geneva and Fribourg. Two drawings at Fribourg took up the working summer. My father begins to tire of the proposed work on Swiss towns, and to inquire whether the rest of 'Modern Painters' will ever be done.

1857. My mother wants me to see the Bay of Cromarty and the Falls of Kilmorock. I consent sulkily to be taken to Scotland with that object. Papa and mamma, wistfully watching the effect on my mind, show their Scotland to me. I see, on my own quest, Craig-Ellachie, and the Lachin-y-Gair forests, and finally reach the Bay of Cromarty and Falls of Kilmorock, doubtless now the extreme point of my northern discoveries on the round earth. I admit, generously, the Bay of

Cromarty and the Falls to be worth coming all that way to see; but beg papa and mamma to observe that it is twenty miles' walk, in bogs, to the top of Ben Wevis, that the town of Dingwall is not like Milan or Venice,—and that I think we have seen enough of Scotland.

12. 1858. Accordingly, after arranging, mounting, framing, and cabinetting, with good help from Richard Williams of Messrs. Foord's, the Turner drawings now in the catacombs of the National Gallery, I determine to add two more Swiss towns to my list, namely, Rheinfelden and Bellinzona, in illustration of Turner's sketches at those places; and get reluctant leave from my father to take Couttet again, and have all my own way. I spend the spring at Rheinfelden, and the summer at Bellinzona. But Couttet being of opinion that these town views will come to no good, and that the time I spend on the roof of 'cette baraque' at Bellinzona is wholly wasted, I give the town views all up, and take to Vandyke and Paul Veronese again in the gallery of Turin. But, on returning home, my father is not satisfied with my studies

from those masters, and piteously asks for the end of 'Modern Painters,' saying 'he will be dead before it is done.' Much ashamed of myself, I promise him to do my best on it without farther subterfuge.

1859. Hard writing and drawing to that end. Fourth volume got done. My father thinks, himself, I ought to see Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Nuremberg, before the book is finished. He and my mother take their last continental journey with me to those places. I have my last happy walk with my father at Konigstein.

1860. I work hard all the winter and early spring—finish the book, in a sort; my father well pleased with the last chapter, and the engraved drawings from Nuremberg and Rheinfelden. On the strength of this piece of filial duty, I am cruel enough to go away to St. Martin's again, by myself, to meditate on what is to be done next. Thence I go up to Chamouni,—where a new epoch of life and death begins.

13. And here I must trace, as simply and rapidly as may be, the story of my relations with the Working Men's College.

I knew of its masters only the Principal, F. D. Maurice, and my own friend Rossetti. It is to be remembered of Rossetti with loving honour, that he was the only one of our modern painters who taught disciples for love of them. He was really not an Englishman, but a great Italian tormented in the Inferno of London; doing the best he could, and teaching the best he could; but the 'could' shortened by the strength of his animal passions, without any trained control, or guiding faith. Of him, more hereafter.

I loved Frederick Maurice, as every one did who came near him; and have no doubt he did all that was in him to do of good in his day. Which could by no means be said either of Rossetti or of me: but Maurice was by nature puzzle-headed, and, though in a beautiful manner, *wrong*-headed; while his clear conscience and keen affections made him egotistic, and in his Bible-reading, as insolent as any infidel of them all. I only went once to a Bible-lesson of his; and the meeting was significant, and conclusive.

14. The subject of lesson, Jael's slaying of Sisera. Concerning which, Maurice, taking

an enlightened modern view of what was fit and not, discoursed in passionate indignation; and warned his class, in the most positive and solemn manner, that such dreadful deeds could only have been done in cold blood in the Dark Biblical ages; and that no religious and patriotic Englishwoman ought ever to think of imitating Jael by nailing a Russian's or Prussian's skull to the ground,—especially after giving him butter in a lordly dish. At the close of the instruction, through which I sate silent, I ventured to enquire, why then had Deborah the prophetess declared of Jael, 'Blessed above women shall the wife of Heber the Kenite be'? On which Maurice, with startled and flashing eyes, burst into partly scornful, partly alarmed, denunciation of Deborah the prophetess, as a mere blazing Amazon; and of her Song as a merely rhythmic storm of battle-rage, no more to be listened to with edification or faith than the Norman's sword-song at the battle of Hastings.

Whereupon there remained nothing for *me*, —to whom the Song of Deborah was as sacred as the Magnificat,—but total collapse

in sorrow and astonishment; the eyes of all the class being also bent on me in amazed reprobation of my benighted views, and unchristian sentiments. And I got away how I could, and never went back.

That being the first time in my life that I had fairly met the lifted head of Earnest and Religious Infidelity—in a man neither vain nor ambitious, but instinctively and innocently trusting his own amiable feelings as the final interpreters of all the possible feelings of men and angels, all the songs of the prophets, and all the ways of God.

15. It followed, of course, logically and necessarily, that every one of Maurice's disciples also took what views *he* chose of the songs of the prophets,—or wrote songs of his own, more adapted to the principles of the College, and the ethics of London. Maurice, in all his addresses to us, dwelt mainly on the simple function of a college as a collection or collation of friendly persons, —not in the least as a place in which such and such things were to be taught, and others denied; such and such conduct vowed, and other such and such abjured. So the College

went on,—collecting, carpentering, sketching, Bible criticising, etc., virtually with no head; but only a clasp to the strap of its waist, and as many heads as it had students. The leaven of its affectionate temper has gone far; but how far also the leaven of its pride, and defiance of everything above it, nobody quite knows. I took two special pupils out of its ranks, to carry them forward all I could. One I chose; the other chose me—or rather, chose my mother's maid Hannah; for love of whom he came to the College, learned drawing there under Rossetti and me,—and became eventually, Mr. George Allen of Sunnyside; who, I hope, still looks back to his having been an entirely honest and perfect working joiner as the foundation of his prosperity in life. The other student I chose myself, a carpenter of equal skill and great fineness of faculty; but his pride, wilfulness, and certain angular narrownesses of nature, kept him down,—together with the deadly influence of London itself, and of working men's clubs, as well as colleges. And finally, in this case, and many more, I have very clearly ascertained that the only proper school for workmen is

of the work their fathers bred them to, under masters able to do better than any of their men, and with common principles of honesty and the fear of God, to guide the firm.

16. Somewhat before the date of my farewell to Maurician free-thinking, I had come into still more definite collision with the Puritan dogmata which forbid thinking at all, in a séance to which I was invited, shyly, by my friend Macdonald,—fashionable séance of Evangelical doctrine, at the Earl of Ducie's; presided over by Mr. Molyneux, then a divine of celebrity in that sect; who sate with one leg over his other knee in the attitude always given to Herod at the massacre of the Innocents in mediæval sculpture; and discoursed in tones of consummate assurance and satisfaction, and to the entire comfort and consent of his Belgravian audience, on the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. Which, or how many, of his hearers he meant to describe as having personally lived on husks, and devoured their fathers' property, did not of course appear; but that something of the sort was necessary to the completeness of the joy in heaven over them, now in Belgrave Square,

at the feet—or one foot—of Mr. Molyneux, could not be questioned.

Waiting my time, till the raptures of the converted company had begun to flag a little, I ventured, from a back seat, to enquire of Mr. Molyneux what we were to learn from the example of the *other* son, not prodigal, who was, his father said of him, 'ever with me, and all that I have, thine'? A sudden horror, and unanimous feeling of the serpent having, somehow, got over the wall into their Garden of Eden, fell on the whole company; and some of them, I thought, looked at the candles, as if they expected them to burn blue. After a pause of a minute, gathering himself into an expression of pity and indulgence, withholding latent thunder, Mr. Molyneux explained to me that the home-staying son was merely a picturesque figure introduced to fill the background of the parable agreeably, and contained no instruction or example for the well-disposed scriptural student, but, on the contrary, rather a snare for the unwary, and a temptation to self-righteousness, —which was, of all sins, the most offensive to God.

Under the fulmination of which answer I retired, as from Maurice's, from the séance in silence; nor ever attended another of the kind from that day to this.

17. But neither the Puritanism of Belgravia, nor Liberalism of Red Lion Square, interested, or offended, me, otherwise than as the grotesque conditions of variously typhoid or smoke-dried London life. To my old Scotch shepherd Puritanism, and the correspondent forms of noble French Protestantism, I never for an instant failed in dutiful affection and honour. From John Bunyan and Isaac Ambrose, I had received the religion by which I still myself lived, as far as I had spiritual life at all; and I had again and again proof enough of its truth, within limits, to have served me for all my own need, either in this world or the next. But my ordained business, and mental gifts, were outside of those limits. I saw, as clearly as I saw the sky and its stars, that music in Scotland was not to be studied under a Free Church precentor, nor indeed under any disciples of John Knox, but of Signior David; that, similarly, painting in England was not to

be admired in the illuminations of Watts' hymns; nor architecture in the design of Mr. Irons' chapel in the Grove. And here I must take up a thread of my mental history, as yet unfastened.

18. I have spoken several times of the effect given cheaply to my drawings of architecture by dexterous dots and flourishes, doing duty for ornament. Already, in 1845, I had begun to distinguish Corinthian from Norman capitals, and in 1848, drew the niches and sculpture of French Gothic with precision and patience. But I had never cared for ornamental design until in 1850 or '51 I chanced, at a bookseller's in a back alley, on a little fourteenth century Hours of the Virgin, not of refined work, but extremely rich, grotesque, and full of pure colour.

The new worlds which every leaf of this book opened to me, and the joy I had, counting their letters and unravelling their arabesques as if they had all been of beaten gold,—as many of them indeed were,—cannot be told, any more than—everything else, of good, that I wanted to tell. Not that the worlds thus opening were themselves new,

but only the possession of any part in them; for long and long ago I had gazed at the illuminated missals in noblemen's houses (see above, p. 6, vol. i.), with a wonder and sympathy deeper than I can give now; my love of toil, and of treasure, alike getting their thirst gratified in them. For again and again I must repeat it, my nature is a worker's and a miser's; and I rejoiced, and rejoice still, in the mere quantity of chiselling in marble, and stitches in embroidery; and was never tired of numbering sacks of gold and caskets of jewels in the Arabian Nights: and though I am generous too, and love giving, yet my notion of charity is not at all dividing my last crust with a beggar, but riding through a town like a Commander of the Faithful, having any quantity of sequins and ducats in saddle-bags (where cavalry officers have holsters for their pistols), and throwing them round in radiant showers and hailing handfuls; with more bags to brace on when those were empty.

19. But now that I had a missal of my own, and could touch its leaves and turn, and even here and there understand the

Latin of it, no girl of seven years old with a new doll is prouder or happier: but the feeling was something between the girl's with her doll, and Aladdin's in a new Spirit-slave to build palaces for him with jewel windows. For truly a well-illuminated missal is a fairy cathedral full of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides.

And then followed, of course, the discovery that all beautiful prayers were Catholic,—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic; —and every manner of Protestant written services whatsoever either insolently altered corruptions, or washed-out and ground-down rags and débris of the great Catholic collects, litanies, and songs of praise.

'But why did not you become a Catholic at once, then?'

It might as well be asked, Why did not I become a fire-worshipper? I *could* become nothing but what I was, or was growing into. I no more believed in the living Pope than I did in the living Khan of Tartary. I saw indeed that twelfth century psalters

were lovely and right, and that presbyterian prayers against time, by people who never expected to be any the better for them, were unlovely and wrong. But I had never read the Koran, nor Confucius, nor Plato, nor Hesiod, and was only just beginning to understand my Virgil and Horace. How I ever came to understand *them* is a new story, which must be for next chapter: meantime let me finish the confessions of this one in the tale of my final apostacy from Puritan doctrine.

20. The most stern practical precept of that doctrine still holding me,—it is curiously inbound with all the rest,—was the Sabbath keeping; the idea that one was not to seek one's own pleasure on Sunday, nor to do anything useful. Gradually, in honest Bible reading, I saw that Christ's first article of teaching was to unbind the yoke of the Sabbath, while, *as* a Jew, He yet obeyed the Mosaic law concerning it; but that St. Paul had carefully abolished it altogether, and that the rejoicing, in memory of the Resurrection, on the Day of the Sun, the first of the week, was only by

misunderstanding, and much wilful obstinacy, confused with the Sabbath of the Jew.

Nevertheless, the great passages in the Old Testament regarding its observance held their power over me, nor have ceased to do so; but the inveterate habit of being unhappy all Sunday did not in any way fulfil the order to call the Sabbath a delight.

I have registered the year 1858 as the next, after 1845, in which I had complete guidance of myself. Couttet met me at Basle, and I went on to Rheinfelden with great joy, and stayed to draw town and bridges completely (two of the studies are engraved in 'Modern Painters').

21. I think it was the second Sunday there, and no English church. I had read the service with George, and gone out afterwards alone for a walk up a lovely dingle on the Black Forest side of the Rhine, where every pretty cottage was inscribed, in fair old German characters, with the date of its building, the names of the married pair who had built it, and a prayer that, with God's blessing, their habitation of it, and its possession by their children, might

be in righteousness and peace. Not in these set terms, of course, on every house, but in variously quaint verses or mottoes, meaning always as much as this.

Very happy in my Sunday walk, I gathered what wild flowers were in their first springing, and came home with a many-coloured cluster, in which the dark-purple orchis was chief. I had never examined its structure before, and by this afternoon sunlight did so with care; also it seemed to me wholly right to describe it as I examined; and to draw the outlines as I described, though with a dimly alarmed consciousness of its being a new fact in existence for me, that I should draw on Sunday.

22. Which thenceforward I continued to do, if it seemed to me there was due occasion. Nevertheless, come to pass how it might, the real new fact in existence for me was that my drawings did not prosper that year, and, in deepest sense, never prospered again. They might not have prospered in the course of things,—and indeed, could not without better guidance than my own; nevertheless, the crisis of

change is marked at Rheinfelden by my having made there two really pretty colour-vignettes, which, had I only gone on doing the like of, the journey would have been visibly successful in everybody's sight. Whereas, what actually followed those vignettes at Rheinfelden was a too ambitious attempt at the cliffs of the Bay of Uri, which crushed the strength down in me; and next, a persistently furious one to draw the entire town, three fortresses, and surrounding mountains of Bellinzona, gradually taming and contracting itself into a meekly obstinate resolve that at least I would draw every stone of the roof right in *one* tower of the vineyards,—"cette baraque," as Couttet called it.

I *did* draw every stone, nearly right, at last in that single roof; and meantime read the Plutus of Aristophanes, three or four times over in two months, with long walks every afternoon, besides. Total result on 1st of August—general desolation, and disgust with Bellinzona,—cette baraque,—and most of all with myself, for not yet knowing Greek enough to translate the Plutus. In

this state of mind, a fit took me of hunger for city life again, military bands, nicely-dressed people, and shops with something inside. And I emphasized Couttet's disapproval of the whole tour, by announcing to him suddenly that I was going, of all places in the world, to Turin!

23. I had still some purpose, even in this libertinage, namely, to outline the Alpine chain from Monte Viso to Monte Rosa. Its base was within a drive; and there were Veroneses in the Royal gallery, for wet days. The luxury of the Hôtel de l'Europe was extremely pleasant after brick floors and bad dinners at Bellinzona; — there was a quiet little opera house, where it was always a kindness to the singers to attend to the stage business; finally, any quantity of marching and manœuvring by the best troops in Italy, with perfect military bands, beautifully tossing plumes, and pretty ladies looking on. So I settled at Turin for the autumn.

There, one Sunday morning, I made my way in the south suburb to a little chapel which, by a dusty roadside, gathered to its unobserved door the few sheep of the old

Waldensian faith who had wandered from their own pastures under Monte Viso into the worldly capital of Piedmont.

The assembled congregation numbered in all some three or four and twenty, of whom fifteen or sixteen were grey-haired women. Their solitary and clerkless preacher, a somewhat stunted figure in a plain black coat, with a cracked voice, after leading them through the languid forms of prayer which are all that in truth are possible to people whose present life is dull and its terrestrial future unchangeable, put his utmost zeal into a consolatory discourse on the wickedness of the wide world, more especially of the plain of Piedmont and city of Turin, and on the exclusive favour with God, enjoyed by the between nineteen and twenty-four elect members of his congregation, in the streets of Admah and Zeboim.

Myself neither cheered nor greatly alarmed by this doctrine, I walked back into the condemned city, and up into the gallery where Paul Veronese's Solomon and the Queen of Sheba glowed in full afternoon light. The gallery windows being open, there came in

with the warm air, floating swells and falls of military music, from the courtyard before the palace, which seemed to me more devotional, in their perfect art, tune, and discipline, than anything I remembered of evangelical hymns. And as the perfect colour and sound gradually asserted their power on me, they seemed finally to fasten me in the old article of Jewish faith, that things done delightfully and rightly, were always done by the help and in the Spirit of God.

Of course that hour's meditation in the gallery of Turin only concluded the courses of thought which had been leading me to such end through many years. There was no sudden conversion possible to me, either by preacher, picture, or dulcimer. But that day, my evangelical beliefs were put away, to be debated of no more.

CHAPTER II.

MONT VELAN.

24. I WAS crowded for room at the end of last chapter, and could not give account of one or two bits of investigation of the Vaudois character, which preceded the Queen of Sheba crash. It wasn't the Queen herself,—by the way,—but only one of her maids of honour, on whose gold brocaded dress, (relieved by a black's head, who carried two red and green parrots on a salver,) I worked till I could do no more;—to my father's extreme amazement and disgust, when I brought the petticoat, parrots, and blackamoor, home, as the best fruit of my summer at the Court of Sardinia; together with one lurid thunder-storm on the Rosa Alps, another on the Cenis, and a dream or two of mist on the Viso. But I never could make out the set of the rocks on the peak of Viso; and after I had spent about a hundred pounds at

Turin in grapes, partridges, and the opera, my mother sent me five, to make my peace with Heaven in a gift to the Vaudois churches. So I went and passed a Sunday beneath Viso; found he had neither rocks nor glaciers worth mentioning, and that I couldn't get into any pleasant confidences with the shepherds, because their dogs barked and snarled irreconcileably, and seemed to have nothing taught them by their masters but to regard all the rest of mankind as thieves.

I had some pious talk of a mild kind with the person I gave my mother's five pounds to: but an infinitely pleasanter feeling from the gratitude of the overworn ballerina at Turin, for the gift of as many of my own. She was not the least pretty; and depended precariously on keeping able for her work on small pittance; but did that work well always; and looked nice,—near the footlights.

I noticed also curiously at this time, that while the drawings I did to please myself seemed to please nobody else, the little pen-and-ink sketches made for my father, merely to explain where I was, came always well;—one, of the sunset shining down a long street

through a grove of bayonets, which he was to imagine moving to military music, is pleasant to me yet. But, on the whole, Turin began at last to bore me as much as Bellinzona; so I thought it might be as well to get home. I drove to Susa on the last day of August, walked quietly with Couttet over the Cenis to Lans-le-bourg next day; and on 2nd September sent my mother my love, by telegram, for breakfast-time, on her birthday, getting answer of thanks back before twelve o'clock; and began to think there might be something in telegraphs, after all.

25. A number of unpleasant convictions were thus driven into my head, in that 1858 journey, like Jael's nail through Sisera's temples; or Tintoret's arrow between St. Sebastian's eyes:—I must return a moment to Mr. Maurice and Deborah before going on to pleasanter matters. Maurice was not, I suppose, in the habit of keeping a skull on his chimney-piece, and looking at it before he went to sleep, as I had been, for a long while before that talk; or he would have felt that whether it was by nail, bullet, or little pin, mattered little when it was ordained

that the crowned forehead should sink in slumber. And he would have known that Jael was only one of the forms of "Dira Necessitas"—she, Delilah, and Judith, all the three of them; only we haven't any record of Delilah's hymn when she first fastened Samson's hair to the beam: and of Judith, nobody says any harm;—I suppose because she gave Holofernes wine, instead of milk and butter. It was Byron, however, not Deborah, who made *me* understand the thing; the passage he paraphrased from her, in the Giaour, having rung in my ears ever since I wrote the Scythian banquet-song—

> "The browsing camels' bells are tinkling,*
> His mother looked from her lattice high," etc.

And I felt now that I had myself driven nails enough into my mother's heart, if not into my father's coffin; and would thankfully have taken her home a shawl of divers colours on both sides, and a pretty damsel or two, in imitation of Sisera: but she always liked to choose her damsels for herself.

It was lucky, in her last choosing, she chanced on Joan Agnew; but we are a far

* Misprinted in the first (8vo) edition "The drowsy camel-bells."—ED.

way yet from Joanie's time, I don't quite know how far. Turner died, as I said, in 1851: Prout had left us still earlier; there could be no more sharing of festivities on my birthday with *him*. He went home to De-Crespigny Terrace from Denmark Hill one evening, seeming perfectly well and happy;—and we saw him no more.

26. And my dog Wisie, was he dead too? It seems wholly wonderful to me at this moment that he should ever have died. He was a white Spitz, exactly like Carpaccio's dog in the picture of St. Jerome; and he came to me from a young Austrian officer, who had got tired of him,—the Count Thun, who fell afterwards at Solferino. Before the dog was used enough to us, George and I took him to Lido to give him a little sea bath. George was holding him by his fore-paws upright among the little crisp breakers. Wisie snatched them out of his hands, and ran at full speed—into Fairyland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him;

but they told me he "ran like a hare and leaped like a horse."

At last, either overcome by hunger, or having made up his mind that even *my* service was preferable to liberty on Lido, he took the deep water in broad daylight, and swam straight for Venice. A fisherman saw him from a distance, rowed after him, took him, tired among the weeds, and brought him to me—the Madonna della Salute having been propitious to his repentant striving with the sea.

From that time he became an obedient and affectionate dog, though of extremely self-willed and self-possessed character. I was then living on the north side of St. Mark's Place, and he used to sit outside the window on the ledge at the base of its pillars greater part of the day, observant of the manners and customs of Venice. Returning to England, I took him over the St. Gothard, but found him entirely unappalled by any of the work of Devils on it—big or little. He saw nothing to trouble himself about in precipices, if they were wide enough to put his paws on; and the dog

who had fled madly from a crisp sea wave, trotted beside the fall of the Reuss just as if it had been another White Dog, a little bigger, created out of foam.

27. Reaching Paris, he considered it incumbent upon him to appear unconscious of the existence of that city, or of the Tuileries gardens and Rue Rivoli, since they were not St. Mark's Place;—but, half asleep one evening, on a sofa in the entresol at Meurice's, and hearing a bark in the street which sounded Venetian,—sprang through the window in expectation of finding himself on the usual ledge—and fell fifteen feet * to the pavement. As I ran down, I met him rushing up the hotel stairs, (he had gathered himself from the stones in an instant), bleeding and giddy; he staggered round and round two or three times, and fell helpless on the floor. I don't know if young ladies' dogs faint, really, when they are hurt. He, Wisie, did not faint, nor even moan, but he could not stir, except in

* Thirteen feet nine, I find, on exact measurement—coming back to Meurice's to make sure. It is the height of the capitals of the piers in the Rue Rivoli.

cramped starts and shivers. I sent for what veterinary help was within reach, and heard that the dog might recover, if he could be kept quiet for a day or two in a dog-hospital. But my omnibus was at the door—for the London train. In the very turn and niche of time I heard that Macdonald of St. Martin's was in the hotel, and would take charge of Wisie for the time necessary. The poor little speechless, luckless, wistfully gazing doggie was tenderly put in a pretty basket, (going to be taken where? thinks the beating heart,) looks at his master to read what he can in the sad face—can make out nothing; is hurried out of the inexorable door, downstairs; finds himself more nearly dead next day, and among strangers. (*Two miles* away from Meurice's, along the Boulevard, it was.)

He takes and keeps counsel with himself on that matter. Drinks and eats what he is given, gratefully; swallows his medicine obediently; stretches his limbs from time to time. There was only a wicket gate, he saw, between the Boulevard and him. Silently, in the early dawn of the fourth or fifth day—

I think—he leaped it, and along two miles of Parisian Boulevard came back to Meurice's.

I do not believe there was ever a more wonderful piece of instinct certified. For Macdonald received him, in astonishment,—and Wisie trusted Macdonald to bring him to his lost master again. The Schehallien chief brought him to Denmark Hill; where of course Wisie did not know whether something still worse might not befall him, or whether he would be allowed to stay. But he was allowed, and became a bright part of my mother's day, as well as of mine, from 1852 to 1858, or perhaps longer. But I must go back now to 1854–6.

28. 1854. The success of the first volume of "Modern Painters" of course gave me entrance to the polite circles of London; but at that time, even more than now, it was a mere torment and horror to me to have to talk to big people whom I didn't care about. Sometimes, indeed, an incident happened that was amusing or useful to me; —I heard Macaulay spout the first chapter of Isaiah, without understanding a syllable of it;—saw the Bishop of Oxford taught by

Sir Robert Inglis to drink sherry-cobbler through a straw;—and formed one of the worshipful concourse invited by the Bunsen family, to hear them "talk Bunsenese" (Lady Trevelyan), and *see* them making presents to —each other—from their family Christmas tree, and private manger of German Magi. But, as a rule, the hours given to the polite circles were an angering penance to me,—until, after I don't know how many, a good chance came, worth all the penitentiary time endured before.

I had been introduced one evening, with a little more circumstance than usual, to a seated lady, beside whom it was evidently supposed I should hold it a privilege to stand for a minute or two, with leave to speak to her. I entirely concurred in that view of the matter; but, having ascertained in a moment that she was too pretty to be looked at, and yet keep one's wits about one, I followed, in what talk she led me to, with my eyes on the ground. Presently, in some reference to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or the musical glasses, the word "Rome" occurred; and a minute afterwards,

something about "Christmas in 1840." I looked up with a start; and saw that the face was oval,—fair,—the hair, light-brown. After a pause, I was rude enough to repeat her words, "Christmas in 1840!—were you in Rome *then?*" "Yes," she said, a little surprised, and now meeting my eyes with hers, inquiringly.

Another tenth of a minute passed before I spoke again.

"Why, I lost all that winter in Rome in hunting *you!*"

It was Egeria herself! then Mrs. Cowper-Temple. She was not angry; and became from that time forward a tutelary power,—of the brightest and happiest; differing from Lady Trevelyan's, in that Lady Trevelyan hadn't all her own way at home; and taught me, therefore, to look upon life as a "Spiritual combat;" but Egeria always had her own way everywhere,—thought that I also should have mine,—and generally got it for me.

29. She was able to get a good deal of it for me, almost immediately, at Broadlands, because Mr. Cowper-Temple was at that time Lord Palmerston's private secretary: and

it had chanced that in 1845 I had some correspondence with the government about Tintoret's Crucifixion;—not the great Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, but the bright one with the grove of lances in the Church of St. Cassan, which I wanted to get for the National Gallery. I wrote to Lord Palmerston about it, and believe we should have got it, but for Mr. Edward Cheney's putting a spoke in the wheel for pure spite. However, Lord Palmerston was, I believe, satisfied with what I had done; and, now perhaps thinking there might be some trustworthy official qualities in me, allowed Mr. Cowper-Temple to bring me, one Saturday evening, to go down with him to Broadlands. It was dark when we reached the South-Western station. Lord Palmerston received me much as Lord Oldborough receives Mr. Temple in "Patronage;"—gave me the seat opposite his own, he with his back to the engine, Mr. Cowper-Temple beside me;—Lord Palmerston's box of business papers on the seat beside *him*. He unlocked it, and looked over a few,—said some hospitable words, enough to put me at ease, and

went to sleep, or at least remained quiet, till we got to Romsey. I forget the dinner, that Saturday; but I certainly had to take in Lady Palmerston; and must have pleased her more or less, for on the Sunday morning, Lord Palmerston took me himself to the service in Romsey Abbey: drawing me out a little in the drive through the village; and *that* day at dinner he put me on his right hand, and led the conversation distinctly to the wildest political theories I was credited with, cross-examining me playfully, but attending quite seriously to my points; and kindly and clearly showing me where I should fail, in practice. He disputed no principle with me, (being, I fancied, partly of the same mind with me about principles,) but only feasibilities; whereas in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their

* The reader will please remember that the "Life of the Workman" in the "Stones of Venice," the long note on Education at the end of first volume of "Modern Painters," and the fierce vituperation of the Renaissance schools in all my historical teaching, were at this time attracting far more attention, because part of my architectural and pictorial work, than ever afterwards the commercial and social analyses of "Unto This Last."

application; and the application of all that get past the dispute. D'Israeli differed from both in making a jest alike of principle and practice; but I never came into full collision with him but once. It is a long story, about little matters; but they had more influence in the end than many greater ones,—so I will write them.

30. I never went to official dinners in Oxford if I could help it; not that I was ever really wanted at them, but sometimes it became my duty to go, as an Art Professor; and when the Princess of Wales came, one winter, to look over the. Art Galleries, I had of course to attend, and be of what use I could: and then came commands to the dinner at the Deanery,—where I knew no more how to behave than a marmot pup! However, my place was next but one to D'Israeli's, whose head, seen close, interested me; the Princess, in the centre of the opposite side of the table, might be glanced at now and then,—to the forgetfulness of the evils of life. Nobody wanted *me* to talk about anything; and I recovered peace of mind enough, in a little while, to

hear D'Israeli talk, which was nice; I think we even said something to each other, once, about the salmon. Well — then, presently I was aware of a little ripple of brighter converse going round the table, and saw it had got at the Princess, and a glance of D'Israeli's made me think it must have something to do with *me*. And so it had, thus: —It had chanced either the day before, or the day before that, that the Planet Saturn had treated me with his usual adversity in the carrying out of a plot with Alice in Wonderland. For, that evening, the Dean and Mrs. Liddell dined by command at Blenheim: but the girls were not commanded; and as I had been complaining of never getting a sight of them lately, after knowing them from the nursery, Alice said that she thought, perhaps, if I would come round after papa and mamma were safe off to Blenheim, Edith and she might give me a cup of tea and a little singing, and Rhoda show me how she was getting on with her drawing and geometry, or the like. And so it was arranged. The night was wild with snow, and no one likely to come round to

the Deanery after dark. I think Alice must have sent me a little note, when the eastern coast of Tom Quad was clear. I slipped round from Corpus through Peckwater, shook the snow off my gown, and found an arm-chair ready for me, and a bright fireside, and a laugh or two, and some pretty music looked out, and tea coming up.

31. Well, I think Edith had got the tea made, and Alice was just bringing the muffins to perfection—I don't recollect that Rhoda was there; (I never did, that anybody else was there, if Edith was; but it is all so like a dream now, I'm not sure)—when there was a sudden sense of some stars having been blown out by the wind, round the corner; and then a crushing of the snow outside the house, and a drifting of it inside; and the children all scampered out to see what was wrong, and I followed slowly;—and there were the Dean and Mrs. Liddell standing just in the middle of the hall, and the footmen in consternation, and a silence,—and—

"How sorry you must be to see us, Mr. Ruskin!" began at last Mrs. Liddell.

"I never was more so," I replied. "But what's the matter?"

"Well," said the Dean, "we couldn't even get past the parks; the snow's a fathom deep in the Woodstock Road. But never mind; we'll be very good and quiet, and keep out of the way. Go back to your tea, and we'll have our dinner downstairs."

And so we did; but we couldn't keep papa and mamma out of the drawing-room when they had done dinner, and I went back to Corpus, disconsolate.

Now, whether the Dean told the Princess himself, or whether Mrs. Liddell told, or the girls themselves, *somehow* this story got all round the dinner-table, and D'Israeli was perfect in every detail, in ten minutes, nobody knew how. When the Princess rose, there was clearly a feeling on her part of some kindness to me; and she came very soon, in the drawing-room, to receive the report of the Slade Professor.

32. Now, in the Deanery drawing-room, everybody in Oxford who hadn't been at the dinner was waiting to have their slice of Princess—due officially—and to be certified

in the papers next day. The Princess,—knowing whom she had to speak to,—*might* speak to, or mightn't, without setting the whole of Oxford by the ears next day, simply walked to the people she chose to honour with audience, and stopped, to hear if they had anything to say. I saw my turn had come, and the revolving zodiac brought its fairest sign to me: she paused, and the attendant stars and terrestrial beings round, listened, to hear what the marmot-pup had to say for itself.

In the space of, say, a minute and a half, I told the Princess that Landscape-painting had been little cultivated by the Heads of Colleges,—that it had been still less cultivated by the Undergraduates, and that my young-lady pupils always expected me to teach them how to paint like Turner, in six lessons. Finding myself getting into difficulties, I stopped: the Princess, I suppose, felt I was getting *her* into difficulties too; so she bowed courteously, and went on—to the next Professor, in silence.

33. The crowd, which had expected a compliment to Her Royal Highness of best

Modern Painter quality, was extremely disappointed: and a blank space seemed at once to form itself round me, when the door from the nurseries opened; and—enter Rhoda —in full dress!

Very beautiful! But just a snip too short in the petticoats,—a trip too dainty in the ankles, a dip too deep of sweetbriar-red in the ribands. Not the damsel who came to hearken, named Rhoda,—by any means;—but as exquisite a little spray of rhododendron ferrugineum as ever sparkled in Alpine dew.

D'Israeli saw his opening in an instant. Drawing himself to his full height, he advanced to meet Rhoda. The whole room became all eyes and ears. Bowing with kindly reverence, he waved his hand, and introduced her to—the world. "*This* is, I understand, the young lady in whose art-education Professor Ruskin is so deeply interested!"

And there was nothing for *me* but simple extinction; for I had never given Rhoda a lesson in my life, (no such luck!); yet I could not disclaim the interest,—nor disown

Mr. Macdonald's geometry! I *could* only bow as well as a marmot might, in imitation of the Minister; and get at once away to Corpus, out of human ken.

34. This gossip has beguiled me till I have no time left to tell what in proper sequence should have been chiefly dwelt on in this number,—the effect on my mind of the Hospice of St. Bernard, as opposed to the Hermitage of St. Bruno. I must pass at once to the outline of some scenes in early Swiss history, of which the reader must be reminded before he can understand why I had set my heart so earnestly upon drawing the ruined towers of Fribourg, Thun, and Rheinfelden.

In the mountain kingdom of which I claimed possession by the law of love, in first seeing it from the Col de la Faucille, the ranges of entirely celestial mountain, the "everlasting clouds" whose glory does not fade, are arranged in clusters of summits definitely distinct in form, and always recognizable, each in its own beauty, by any careful observer who has once seen them on the south and north. Of these, the most beautiful in

Switzerland, and as far as I can read, or learn, the most beautiful mountain in the world, is the Jungfrau of Lauterbrunnen. Next to her, the double peaks of the Wetterhorn and Wellhorn, with their glacier of Rosenlaui; next to these, the Aiguille de Bionnassay, the buttress of Mont Blanc on the south-west; and after these loveliest, the various summits of the Bernese, Chamouni, and Zermatt Alps, according to their relative power, and the advantage of their place for the general observer. Thus the Blumlis Alp, though only ten thousand feet high, has far greater general influence than the Mont Combin, which is nearly as high as Mont Blanc, but can only be seen with difficulty, and in no association with the lowlands.

35. Among subordinate peaks, five,—the Tournette of Annecy, the Dent du Midi of Bex, the Stockhorn, south of Thun, Mont Pilate at Lucerne, and the High Sentis of Appenzell,—are notable as outlying masses, of extreme importance in their effect on the approaches to the greater chain. But in that chain itself, no mountain of subordinate magnitude can assert any rivalship with

Mont Velan, the ruling alp of the Great St. Bernard.

For Mont Velan signals down the valley of the Rhone, past St. Maurice, to Vevay, the line of the true natural pass of the Great St. Bernard, from France into Italy by the valley of Martigny and Val d'Aosta; a perfectly easy and accessible pass for horse and foot, through all the summer; not dangerous even in winter, except in storm; and from the earliest ages, down to Napoleon's the pass chosen by the greatest kings, and wisest missionaries. The defiles of the Simplon were still impassable in the twelfth century, and the Episcopate of the Valais was therefore an isolated territory branching up from Martigny; unassailable from above, but in connection with the Monastery of St. Bernard and Abbey of St. Maurice, holding alike Burgundian, Swiss, and Saracen powers at bay, beyond the Castle of Chillon.

And I must remind the reader that at the time when Swiss history opens, there was no such country as France, in her existing strength. There was a sacred "Isle of France," and a group of cities,—Amiens,

Paris, Soissons, Rheims, Chartres, Sens, and Troyes,—essentially French, in arts, and faith. But round this Frank central province lay Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Aquitaine, Languedoc, and Provence, all of them independent national powers: and on the east of the Côte d'Or,* the strong and true *king*dom of Burgundy, which for centuries contended with Germany for the dominion of Switzerland, and, from *her* Alpine throne, of Europe.

36. This was, I have said, at the time "when Swiss history opens"—*as such.* It opens a century earlier, in 773, as a part of all Christian history, when Charlemagne convoked his Franks at Geneva to invade Italy, and dividing them there into two bodies, placed Swiss mountaineers at the head of each, and sending one division by the Great St. Bernard, under his own uncle, Bernard,† the son of Charles Martel, led the

* The eastern boundary of France proper is formed by the masses of the Vosges, Côte d'Or, and Monts de la Madeleine.

† Don't confuse *him* with St. Bernard of Annecy, from whom the pass is named; nor St Bernard of Annecy with St. Bernard of Dijon, the Madonna's chosen servant.

other himself over the Cenis. It was for this march over the Great St. Bernard that Charlemagne is said to have given the foresters of the central Alps their three trumpets — the Bull of Uri, the Cow of Unterwald, and the Horn of Lucerne; and, without question, after his Italian victories, Switzerland became the organic centre of civilization to his whole empire. "It is thus," says M. Gaullieur, "that the heroic history of old Zurich, and the annals of Thurgovie and Rhétie, are full of the memorable acts of the Emperor of the West, and among other traditions the foundation of the Water-church, (Wasserkirche,) at Zurich, attaches itself to the sight of a marvellous serpent who came to ask justice of the Emperor, in a place where he gave it to all his subjects, by the Limmat shore."

37. I pause here a moment to note that there used to be indeed harmless water serpents in the Swiss waters, when perfectly pure. I myself saw those of the Lac de Chède, in the year 1833, and had one of them drawn out of the water by the char-a-banc driver with his whip, that I might see the yellow ring round its neck. The colour

of the body was dark green. If the reader will compare the account given in "Eagle's Nest" * of one of the serpents of the Giesbach, he will understand at once how easily the myths of antiquity would attach themselves among the Alps, as much to the living serpent as to the living eagle.

Also, let the reader note that the *beryl*-coloured water of the Lake of Zurich and the Limmat gave, in old days, the perfectest type of purity, of all the Alpine streams. The deeper blue of the Reuss and Rhone grew dark at less depth, and always gave some idea of the presence of a mineral element, causing the colour; while the Aar had soiled itself with clay even before reaching Berne. But the pale aquamarine crystal of the Lake of Zurich, with the fish set in it, some score of them—small and great—to a cube fathom, and the rapid fall and stainless ripple of the Limmat, through the whole of its course under the rocks of Baden to the Reuss, remained, summer and winter, of a constant, sacred, inviolable, supernatural loveliness.

* Large edition, p. 106; small edition, § 101.—Ed.

By the shore of the Limmat then, sate Charlemagne to do justice, as Canute by the sea:—the first "Water church" of the beginning river is his building; and never was St. Jerome's rendering of the twenty-third Psalm sung in any church more truly: "In loco pascue, ibi collocavit me, *super aquam refectionis educavit.*" But the Cathedral Minster of Zurich dates from days no longer questionable or fabulous.

38. During the first years of the tenth century, Switzerland was disputed between Rodolph II., King of Burgundy, and Bourcard, Duke of Swabia. The German duke at last defeated Rodolph, near Winterthur; but with so much difficulty, that he chose rather thenceforward to have him for ally rather than enemy; and gave him, for pledge of peace, his daughter BERTHA, to be Burgundian queen.

Bertha, the daughter of the Duke Bourcard and Regilinda, was at this time only thirteen or fourteen. The marriage was not celebrated till 921,—and let the reader remember that marriage,—though there was no Wedding March played at it, but many a wedding

prayer said,—for the beginning of all happiness to *Burgundy*, *Switzerland*, and *Germany*. Her husband, in the first ten years after their marriage, in alliance with Henry the Fowler of Germany, drove the Saracen and Hungarian nomad armies out of the Alps: and then Bertha set herself to efface the traces of their ravages; building, everywhere through her territories, castles, monasteries, walled towns, and towers of refuge; restoring the town and church of Soleure in 930, of Moutiers in the Jura, in 932; in the same year endowing the canons of Amsoldingen at Thun, and then the church of Neuchâtel; finally, towards 935, the church and convent of Zurich, of which her mother Regilinda became abbess in 949, and remained abbess till her death;—the Queen Bertha herself residing chiefly near her, in a tower on Mont Albis.

39. In 950 Bertha had to mourn the death of her son-in-law Lothaire, and the imprisonment of her daughter Adelaide on the Lake of Garda. But Otho the Great, of Germany, avenged Lothaire, drove Berenger out of Italy, and himself married Adelaide, reinstating

Conrad of Burgundy on the throne of Burgundy and Switzerland: and then Bertha, strong at once under the protection of the king her son, and the emperor her son-in-law, and with her mother beside her, Abbess of the Convent des Dames Nobles of Zurich, began her work of perfect beneficence to the whole of Switzerland.

In the summer times, spinning from her distaff as she rode, she traversed—the legends say, with only a country guide to lead her horse, (when such a queen's horse would need leading!)—all the now peaceful fields of her wide dominion, from Jura to the Alps. My own notion is that an Anne-of-Geierstein-like maid of honour or two must have gleamed here and there up and down the hills beside her; and a couple of old knights, perhaps, followed at their own pace. Howsoever, the queen verily *did* know her peasants, and their cottages and fields, from Zurich to Geneva, and ministered to them for full twelve years.

40. In 962, her son Conrad gave authority almost monarchic, to her Abbey of Payerne, which could strike a coinage of its own. Not

much after that time, her cousin Ulrich, Bishop of Strasbourg, came to visit her; and with him and the king her son, she revisited all the religious institutions she had founded, and finally, with them both, consecrated the Church of Neuchâtel to the Virgin. The Monastery of the Great St. Bernard was founded at the same time.

I cannot find the year of her death, but her son Conrad died in 993, and was buried beside his mother at Payerne.

And during the whole of the 11th century, and more than half of the 12th, the power of Bertha's institutions, and of the Church generally, increased in Switzerland; but gradually corrupted by its wealth of territory into a feudal hierarchy, against which, together with that of the nobles who were always at war with each other, Duke Berthold IV., of Zæhringen, undertook, in 1178, the founding of FRIBOURG in Uchtland.

The culminating point of the new city above the scarped rocks which border the Sarine (on the eastern bank?) was occupied by the Château de Tyr (Tyrensis), ancient home of the Counts of that country, and

cradle, it is believed, of the house of Thierstein. Berthold called his new town Freyburg, as well as that which existed already in his states of Breisgau, because he granted it in effect the same liberties, the same franchises, and the same communal charter (Handfeste) which had been given to the other Fribourg. A territory of nine leagues in circumference was given to Fribourg in Uchtland, a piece which they still call "the old lands." Part of the new colonists came from Breisgau, Black Forest people; part from the Roman Pays de Vaud. The Germans lived in the valley, the others on the heights. Built on the confines of France and Germany, Fribourg served for the point of contact to two nations until then hostile; and the Handfeste of Fribourg served for a model to all the municipal constitutions of Switzerland. Still, at this day, the town is divided into two parts, and into two languages.

41. This was in 1178. Twelve years later, Berthold V., the greatest and the best of the Dukes of Zæhringen, made, of the village of Burgdorf in the Emmenthal, the

town of Berthoud, the name given probably from his own; and then, in the year 1191, laid the foundations of the town of BERNE.

He chose for its site a spot in the royal domain, for he intended the new city to be called the Imperial city; and the place he chose was near a manor which had served in the preceding century for occasional residence to the Rodolphian kings. It was a long high promontory, nearly an island, whose cliff sides were washed by the Aar. The Duke of Zæhringen's Marshal, Cuno of Babenberg, received orders to surround with walls the little island on which stood the simple hamlet of Berne, now become the powerful city of Berne, praiseworthy at first in the democratic spirit of its bourgeois, and afterwards in its aristocracy, whose policy, at once elevated, firm, consistent, and ambitious, mingled itself in all the great affairs of the neighbouring countries, and became a true power, upon which the sovereigns of the first order had sometimes to count.

Lastly, Berthold built the Castle of Thun, where the Aar issues out of its lake; castle

which, as may be seen at the present day, commanded the whole level plain, opening to Berne, and the pass into the Oberland.

42. Thus the three towns Fribourg, Berne, and Thun, form, at the close of the twelfth century, the triple fortress of the Dukes of Zæhringen, strengthened by a body of burghers to whom the Dukes have granted privileges till then unknown; this Ducal and Civic allied power asserting itself in entire command of Switzerland proper, against the Counts of Savoy in the south, the Burgundian princes in the east, and the ecclesiastical power of Italy, vested in the Bishops of Sion, in the Valais,—thence extending from the mouth of the Rhone into the Pays de Vaud, and enthroned there at Payerne by the bequests of Queen Bertha. The monks of her royal abbey at Payerne, seeing that all the rights they possessed over the Pays de Vaud were endangered by the existence of Fribourg, opposed the building of the Church of St. Nicholas there, asserting that the ground assigned to it and its monastery belonged to the Abbey of Payerne. Berthold IV. was on the point of

attacking the monks on their own rock when the nobles of the Vaud interfered, as mediators.

Four of them—Amé, Count of Geneva, Vauthier of Blonay, Conrad of Estaveyer, and Rodolph of Montagny—compelled Berthold to ratify the privileges, and resign the lands, of the monks of Payerne, by a deed signed in 1178; the church and monastery of St. Nicholas being founded at Fribourg under their rule. And this constitution of Fribourg, whether the Dukes of Zæhringen foresaw it or not, became the fecund germ of a new social order. The "Commune" was the origin of the "Canton," "and the beneficent æra of communal liberty served for *acheminement* to the constitutional liberties and legislative codes of modern society."

43. Thus far M. Gaullieur, from whose widow I leased my own chalet at Mornex, and whose son I instructed, to the best of my power, in clearing land of useless stones on the slope of the Salève,—under the ruins of the old Château de Savoie, the central castle, once, of all Savoy; on the site of which, and summit of its conical hill-throne,

seated himself, in his pleasure villa, all the summer long, my very dear friend and physician, old Dr. Gosse of Geneva; whose mountain garden, about three hundred feet above mine, was indeed enclosed by the remaining walls and angle towers of the Castle of Savoy, of which the Doctor had repaired the lowest tower so as to serve for a reservoir to the rain rushing down the steep garden slopes in storm,—and to let none of it be wasted afterwards in the golden Salève sunshine.

"C'était une tour de guerre," said the Doctor to me triumphantly, as he first led me round the confines of his estate. "Voyez. C'était une tour de guerre. J'en ai fait une bouteille!"

44. But that walk by the castle wall was long after the Mont Velan times of which I am now telling;—in returning to which, will the reader please note the homes of the four Vaudois knights who stood for Queen Bertha's monastery: Amé of Geneva, Vauthier of Blonay, Conrad of Estaveyer, and Rodolph of Montagny?

Amé's castle of Geneva stood on the

island, where the clock tower is now; and has long been destroyed: of Estaveyer and Montagny I know nothing; but the Castle of Blonay still stands above Vevay, as Chillon still at the head of her lake; but the château of Blonay has been modified gradually into comfort of sweet habitation, the war towers of it sustaining timber-latticed walls, and crowned by pretty turrets and pinnacles in cheerful nobleness—trellised all with fruitage or climbing flowers; its moats now all garden; its surrounding fields all lily and meadowsweet, with blue gleamings, it may be of violet, it may be of gentian; its heritage of human life guarded still in the peacefully scattered village, or farmhouse, here and there half hidden in apple-blossom, or white with fallen cherry-blossom, as if with snow.

45. I have already told how fond my father was of staying at the Trois Rois of Vevay, when I was up among the aiguilles of Chamouni. In later years, I acknowledged his better taste, and would contentedly stay with him at Vevay, as long as he liked,—myself always perfectly happy in the fields

and on the hillsides round the Château Blonay. Also, my father and mother were quite able at any time to get up as far as Blonay themselves; and usually walked so far with me when I was intent on the higher hills,—waiting, they, and our old servant, Lucy Tovey, (whom we took abroad with us sometimes that she might see the places we were always talking of,) until I had done my bit of drawing or hammering, and we all went down together, through the vineyards, to four o'clock dinner; then the evening was left free for me to study the Dent d'Oche and chains of crag declining southwards to Geneva, by sunset.

Thus Vevay, year after year, became the most domestic of all our foreign homes. At Venice, my mother always thought the gondola would upset; at Chamouni, my father, that I should fall into the Mer de Glace; at Pisa, he would ask me, "What shall I give the coachman?" and at Florence, dispute the delightfulness of Cimabue. But at Vevay, we were all of a mind. My father was professionally at home in the vineyards,—sentimentally in the Bosquet de Julie; my mother

liked apple orchards and narcissus meads as much as I did; and for me, there was the Dent du Midi, for eternal snow, in the distance; the Rochers de Naye, for climbing, accessibly near; Chillon for history and poetry; and the lake, in the whole breadth of it from Lausanne to Meillerie, for Turnerian mist effects of morning, and Turnerian sunsets at evening; and moonlights,—as if the moon were one radiant glacier of frozen gold. Then if one wanted to go to Geneva for anything, there were little steamers,—no mortal would believe, now, how little; one used to be afraid an extra basket of apples would be too much for them, when the pier was full of market people. They called at all the places along the north shore, mostly for country folks; and often their little cabins were quite empty. English people thought the lake of Geneva too dull, if they had ever more than an hour of it.

46. It chanced so, one day, when we were going from Vevay to Geneva. It was hot on the deck, and we all went down into the little cabin, which the waves from the paddle wheels rushed past the windows of, in lovely

wild masses of green and silver. There was no one in the cabin but ourselves (that is to say, papa, mamma, old Anne, and me), and a family whom we supposed, rightly, to be American, of the best sort. A mother with three daughters, and her son,—he in charge of them all, perhaps of five or six and twenty; his sisters younger; the mother just old enough to *be* their mother; all of them quietly and gracefully cheerful. There was the cabin table between us, covered with the usual Swiss news about nothing, and an old caricature book or two. The waves went on rushing by; neither of the groups talked, but I noticed that from time to time the young American cast somewhat keen, though entirely courteous, looks of scrutiny at my father and mother.

In a few minutes after I had begun to notice these looks, he rose, with the sweetest quiet smile I ever saw on any face (unless, perhaps, a nun's, when she has some grave kindness to do), crossed to our side of the cabin, and addressing himself to my father, said, with a true expression of great gladness, and of frank trust that his joy would

be understood, that he knew who we were, was most thankful to have met us, and that he prayed permission to introduce his mother and sisters to us.

The bright eyes, the melodious voice, the perfect manner, the simple, but acutely flattering, words, won my father in an instant. The New Englander sat down beside us, his mother and sisters seeming at once also to change the steamer's cabin into a reception room in their own home. The rest of the time till we reached Geneva passed too quickly; we arranged to meet in a day or two again, at St. Martin's.

And thus I became possessed of my second friend, after Dr. John Brown; and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton.

CHAPTER III.

L'ESTERELLE.

SALLENCHES, SAVOY, *9th September*, 1888.

47. THE meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one. Entirely sensible and amiable, all of them; with the farther elasticity and acuteness of the American intellect, and no taint of American ways. Charles himself, a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness:* a scholar from his cradle, nor only now a *man* of the world, but a *gentleman* of the world, whom the highest born and best

* I mean, covetousness of beautiful things, the only sort that is possible to people like Charles Norton or me. He gave me his best Greek "Fortune," a precious little piece of flying marble, with her feet on the world, engraved with hexagonal tracery like a honeycomb. We both love its honey —but best, given by each other.

bred of every nation, from the Red Indian to the White Austrian, would recognize in a moment, as of their caste.

In every branch of classical literature he was my superior; knew old English writers better than I,—much more, old French; and had active fellowship and close friendship with the then really progressive leaders of thought in his own country, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson.

All the sympathy, and all the critical subtlety, of his mind had been given, not only to the reading, but to the trial and following out of the whole theory of "Modern Painters;" so that, as I said, it was a real joy for him to meet me, and a very bright and singular one for both of us, when I knocked at his door in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at five in the morning; and led him, as the roselight flushed the highest snow, up the winding path among the mountain meadows of Sallenches.

I can see them at this moment, those mountain meadows, if I rise from my writing-table, and open the old barred valves of the corner window of the Hotel Bellevue;

—yes, and there is the very path we climbed that day together, apparently unchanged. But on what seemed then the everlasting hills, beyond which the dawn rose cloudless, and on the heaven in which it rose, and on all that we that day knew, of human mind and virtue,—how great the change, and sorrowful, I cannot measure, and, in this place, I will not speak.

48. That morning gave to me, I said, my first tutor;* for Dr. John Brown, however far above me in general power, and in the knowledge proper to his own profession, yet in the simplicity of his affection liked everything I wrote, for what was true in it, however imperfectly or faultfully expressed: but Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance;—though the younger of the two,—and always admitting my full power in its own kind; nor only admitting,

* Gordon was only my master in Greek, and in common sense; he never criticized my books, and, I suppose, rarely read them.

but in the prettiest way praising and stimulating. It was almost impossible for him to speak to any one he cared for, without some side-flash of witty compliment; and to me, his infinitely varied and loving praise became a constant motive to exertion, and aid in effort: yet he never allowed me in the slightest violation of the laws, either of good writing, or social prudence, without instant blame, or warning.

I was entirely conscious of his rectorial power, and affectionately submissive to it; so that he might have done anything with me, but for the unhappy difference in our innate, and unchangeable, political faiths.

49. Since that day at Sallenches it has become a matter of the most curious speculation to me, what sort of soul Charles Norton would have become, if he had had the blessing to be born an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite, or a French Gentilhomme, or a Savoyard Count. I think I should have liked him best to have been a Savoyard Count; say, Lord of the very Tower of Sallenches, a quarter of a mile above me at the opening of the glen,—habitable yet and inhabited; it

is half hidden by its climbing grapes. Then, to have read the "Fioretti di San Francesco," (which *he* found out, New Englander though he was, before I did,) in earliest boyhood; then to have been brought into instructively grievous collision with Commerce, Liberty, and Evangelicalism at Geneva; then to have learned Political Economy from Carlyle and me; and finally devoted himself to write the History of the Bishops of Sion! What a grand, happy, consistent creature he would have been,—while now he is as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory; and twenty times more a slave than the blackest nigger he ever set his white scholars to fight the South for; because all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master (see Miss Edgeworth's story of the grateful Negro),*—while only about the

* I showed the valley of Chamouni, and the "Pierre-a-Bot" above Neuchâtel, to Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her pretty little daughter Georgie.—when Georgie was about sixteen. and wouldn't let me say a word against Uncle Tom: howbeit, that story of the Grateful Negro, Robinson Crusoe, and Othello, contain, any of the three, more. alike worldly and heavenly, wisdom than would furnish three "Uncle Tom's Cabins."

thirtieth or fortieth part of Charles Norton's effective contents and capacity are beneficially spent in the dilution of the hot lava, and fructification of the hot ashes, of American character;—which are overwhelming, borne now on volcanic air,—the life of Scotland, England, France, and Italy. I name Scotland first, for reasons which will be told in next "Præterita,"—"Joanna's Care." Meantime, here is the last letter I have from Norton, showing how we have held hands since that first day on Geneva lake.

"SHADY HILL, *April 9th*, 1887.

50. "It is very good of you, my dearest Ruskin, to send me such a long, pleasant letter, not punishing me for my silence, but trusting to—

> 'My thought, whose love for you,
> Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.'

You are doing too much, and your letter gives me a fear lest, out of care for me, you added a half-hour of effort to the work of a too busy day. How long it is since

I first began to preach prudence to you! and my preaching has availed about as much as the sermons in stones avail to convert the hard-hearted. Well, we are glad to take each other as we are, you ever imprudent, I ever ——(I leave the word to your mercy).

"The last number of 'Præterita' pleased me greatly. There was a sweet tone in it, such as becomes the retrospect of a wise man as he summons the scenes of past life before his eyes; the clearness, the sharp-cut outline of your memories is a wonder, and their fulness of light and colour. My own are very different. I find the outlines of many of them blurred, and their colours faint. The loss that came to me fifteen years ago included the loss of vividness of memory of much of my youth.

"The winter has been long and hard with us. Even yet there are snowbanks in shady places, and not yet is there a sign of a leaf. Even the snowdrops are hardly venturing out of the earth. But the birds have come back, and to-day I hear the woodpeckers knocking at the doors of the old trees to find a shelter and home for the summer.

We have had the usual winter pleasures, and all my children have been well, though Lily is always too delicate, and ten days hence I part with her that she may go to England and try there to escape her summer cold. She goes out under Lowell's charge, and will be with her mother's sister and cousins in England. My three girls have just come to beg me to go out with them for a walk. So, good-bye. I will write soon again. Don't you write to me when you are tired. I let my eyes rest for an instant on Turner's sunset, and your sunrise from Herne Hill, which hang before me; and with a heart full of loving thanks to you,—I am ever your affectionate

"C. E. N.

"My best love to Joan,—to whom I mean to write."

Somewhat more of Joan (and Charles also) I have to tell, as I said, in next "Præterita."

51. I cannot go on, here, to tell the further tale of our peace and war; for the Fates

wove for me, but a little while after they brought me that friend to Sallenches glen, another net of Love; in which alike the warp and woof were of deeper colours.

Soon after I returned home, in the eventful year 1858, a lady wrote to me from—somewhere near Green Street, W.,—saying, as people sometimes did, in those days, that she saw I was the only sound teacher in Art; but this farther, very seriously, that she wanted her children—two girls and a boy—taught the beginnings of Art rightly; especially the younger girl, in whom she thought I might find some power worth developing:—would I come and see her? I thought I should rather like to; so I went, to near Green Street; and found the mother —the sort of person I expected, but a good deal more than I expected, and in all sorts of ways. Extremely pretty still, herself, nor at all too old to learn many things; but mainly anxious for her children. Emily, the elder daughter, wasn't in; but Rosie was,—should she be sent for to the nursery? Yes, I said, if it wouldn't tease the child, she might be sent for. So presently the

drawing-room door opened, and Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room; gave me her hand, as a good dog gives its paw, and then stood a little back. Nine years old, on 3rd January, 1858, thus now rising towards ten; neither tall nor short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards. Lips perfectly lovely in profile;—a little too wide, and hard in edge, seen in front; the rest of the features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are; the hair, perhaps, more graceful in short curl round the forehead, and softer than one sees often, in the close-bound tresses above the neck.

52. I thought it likely she *might* be taught to draw a little, if she would take time; I did not expect her to take *pains*, and told her mother so, at once. Rosie says never a word, but we continue to take stock of each other. "I thought you *so* ugly," she told me, afterwards. She didn't quite mean that; but only, her mother having talked much of my "greatness" to her, she had expected me

to be something like Garibaldi, or the Elgin Theseus; and was extremely disappointed.

I expressed myself as ready to try what I could make of Rosie; only I couldn't come every other day all the way in to Green Street. Mamma asked what sort of a road there was to Denmark Hill? I explained the simplicity and beauty of its ramifications round the Elephant and Castle, and how one was quite in the country as soon as one got past the triangular field at Champion Hill. And the wildernesses of the Obelisk having been mapped out, and determined to be passable, the day was really appointed for first lesson at Denmark Hill — and Emily came with her sister.

53. Emily was a perfectly sweet, serene, delicately-chiselled marble nymph of fourteen, softly dark-eyed, rightly tender and graceful in all she did and said. I never saw such a faculty for the arrangement of things beautifully, in any other human being. If she took up a handful of flowers, they fell out of her hand in wreathed jewellery of colour and form, as if they had been sown, and had blossomed, to live together so, and no

otherwise. Her mother had the same gift, but in its more witty, thoughtful, and scientific range; in Emily it was pure wild instinct. For an Irish girl, she was not witty, for she could not make a mistake; one never laughed at what she said, but the room was brighter for it. To Rose and me she soon became no more Emily, but "Wisie," named after my dead Wisie. All the children, and their father, loved animals;—my first sight of papa was as he caressed a green popinjay which was almost hiding itself in his waistcoat. Emily's pony, Swallow, and Rosie's dog, Bruno, will have their day in these memoirs; but Emily's "Bully" was the perfectest pet of all;—he used to pass half his day in the air, above her head, or behind her shoulders, holding a little tress of her long hair as far out as he could, on the wing.

54. That first day, when they came to Denmark Hill, there was much for them to see;—my mother, to begin with, and she also had to see them; on both sides the sight was thought good. Then there were thirty Turners, including the great Rialto; half-a-dozen Hunts; a beautiful Tintoret; my

minerals in the study; the loaded apple trees in the orchard; the glowing peaches on the old red garden wall. The lesson lost itself that day in pomiferous talk, with rustic interludes in the stables and pigsty. The pigs especially, it was observed, were highly educated, and spoke excellent Irish.

When next they came, lessons began duly, with perspective, and the analysis of the essential qualities of triangles! I must state here, generally, that ever since the year I lost in efforts to trisect an angle myself, education, both in drawing and ethics, has been founded by me on the *pleasant* and pretty mysteries of trigonometry! the more resolutely, because I always found ignorance of magnitudes at the root of modern bad taste and frivolity; and farther, because all the grace, and much of the sentiment, both of plant and mountain form, depends on the angle of the cone they fill with their branches, or rise into with their cliffs.

These geometrical lessons are always accompanied, when I have girls to teach, by the most careful pencil study of the forms of leaves as they grow, whether on ground or branch.

55. In botanical knowledge, and perception of plant-character, my eldest Irish pupil, mamma, was miles and miles my superior; and in powers of design, both the children were so: but the fine methods of measurement and delineation were new to all of them; nor less the charm of faithfully represented colour, in full daylight, and in the open air. Having Turner's mountain drawings of his best time beside us, and any quantity of convolvuluses, hollyhocks, plums, peaches, and apples, to bring in from the garden, the afternoon hours went fast; but so much more in talk than work, that I soon found, if either triangles or bindweeds were to come to anything, it must be under the governess's superintendence, not mamma's: and that I should have to make my way to Green Street, and up to the schoolroom, after all, on at least two out of three of the lesson days. Both the children, to my extreme satisfaction, approved of this arrangement, and the final order was that whenever I happened to go through Green Street, I should pay them a visit in the nursery. Somehow, from that time, most of my

London avocations led me through Green Street.

It chanced above all things well for me that their governess was a woman of great sense and power, whom the children entirely loved, and under whom mamma put herself, in the schoolroom, no less meekly than they; partly in play, but really also a little subdued by the clear insight of the fearlessly frank preceptress into her own faults. I cannot call them "foibles," for her native wit and strength of character admitted none.

56. Rosie had shortly expressed her sense of her governess's niceness by calling her "Bun;" and I had not been long free of the schoolroom before she wanted a name for me also, significant of like approval. After some deliberation, she christened me "Crumpet"; then, impressed by seeing my gentleness to beggars, canonized me as "Saint Crumpet," or, shortly and practically, "St. C.,"—which I remained ever afterwards; only Emily said one day to her sister that the C. did in truth stand for "Chrysostom."

The drawing, and very soon painting,

lessons went on meantime quite effectively, both the girls working with quick intelligence and perfect feeling; so that I was soon able, with their mother's strong help, to make them understand the essential qualities both of good painting and sculpture. Rose went on into geology; but only far enough to find another play-name for me—"Archegosaurus." This was meant partly to indicate my scientific knowledge of Depths and Ages; partly to admit me more into family relations, her mother having been named, by her cleverest and fondest friend, "Lacerta,"—to signify that she had the grace and wisdom of the serpent, without its poison.

And things went on,—as good girls will know how, through all that winter;—in the spring, the Fates brought the first whirlpool into the current of them, in that (I forget exactly why) it was resolved that they should live by the Cascine of Florence in the spring, and on the Lung' Arno, instead of in the Park by the Serpentine. But there was the comfort for me that Rosie was really a little sorry to go away; and that she understood in the most curious way how sorry *I* was.

Some wise, and prettily mannered, people have told me I shouldn't say anything about Rosie at all. But I am too old now to take advice, and I won't have this following letter—the first she ever wrote me—moulder away, when I can read it no more, lost to all loving hearts.

NICE, *Monday, March 18th.*

57. DEAREST ST. CRUMPET—I am so sorry—I couldn't write before, there wasn't one bit of time—I am so sorry you were dissappointed—I only got yr letter yesterday (Sunday), & we only got to Nice late on Saturday afternoon—So I have got up so early this morning to try & get a clear hour before breakfast to write to you, which you see I'm doing—So you thought of us, dear St. Crumpet, & we too thought so much of you—Thank you very much for the Diary letter; it was so nice of you to write so long a one—I have so much to tell you too Archigosaurus so I will begin from Dover, & tell what befel us up to Nice—Emily asks me to say that she did a picture at Dover of Dover Castle in a fog—I think it was to please you

—Well we had a roughish passage, but we*

sat on deck & didn't mind—We thought & talked about you—Every great wave that came we called a ninth wave and we thought how pleasant it wd be to sit in a storm and draw them, but I think if you had wanted it done I'd have tryed to do it St. Crumpet—There was what do you think at the prow of our steamer—yr brother Archigosaurus, an alligator, and we said it was you—Well so we got to Calais, breakfasted at the Table d'Hôte there, and then began that weary rail-road journey from Calais to Paris—The scenery was just the same all the way—I suppose you know it—Those long straight rows of poplars cut even at the tops & flat uninteresting country. I drew the poplars in perspective for you St. Crumpet—We got to Paris on

Friday evening & stayed till Wednesday —No, I couldn't I tell you, there wasn't one bit of time or do you think I would not have seized it directly for I know yr thinking why didn't she write—Its too long

I leave pauses where the old pages end.—J. R.

to say all we did & didn't do in Paris, so I'll only tell about the Louvre and Notre Dame. We went to the Louvre. Oh St. Crumpet how we thought of you there —How we looked and talked about the Titians you told us to look at particularly the glass ball one & the white Rabbit— Yes we looked so much at them and we did, all of us, think them so very beautiful— I liked two portraits of Titian's of two dark gentlemen with earnest eyes better than any I think. We thought his skins (I mean the skins he made his picture-people have) so very beautifully done & we looked at the pinks at the corners of the eyes & thought of the Portrait of Lord Bute's & you again St. Crumpet.

58. We liked the picture of Paul Veronese of the children playing with the dog very much I think one of them the most prominent with dark eyes & not looking at the dog is very beautiful Why does Paul Veronese put his own family in the pictures of sacred subjects, I wonder? I liked the little puppy in the boys arms trying to get away—The statues in the Louvre I think most beautiful.

Is it wrong St. Crumpet to like that noble Venus Victrix as well as Titian If it is, am I a hardened little tinner? Oh but they are so beautiful those statues there's one of a Venus leaning against a tree with a Lacerta running up it—Notre Dame they are spoiling as quick as they can by colouring those grand old pillars with ugly daubs of green and yellow etc. Is not that "light" in the French?* It's a bore saying all we thought of Paris, I must get on to the mountains not to say Alps—Don't be Kinfishery† dear St. Crumpet; how good it was of you to give yr Turners that you love so much to the Oxford Museum From Paris we started early on Wednesday morning & travelled all day & all the night in the train—Yes you would have said "Poor Posie" I was bored But we got over it very well—It was so pleasant to be running after the sun to the south (Dont be Kingfishery) & awaking at about 5 in the morning to see long plains of greyheaded

* Referring to a debate over Mrs. Browning's poem in defence of them; the one in which she says, rightly, that they are no more "light" than a rifle-ball is.

† *King*fishery. Sitting sulkily on a branch.

silvery olives and here and there pink perky peach trees dancing among them—And there were groups of dark cool cypress trees pointing upwards, & hills & grey rocks sloping to the sea—the Mediterranean So we shook off our sleepiness, at least Papa Mama and I did for Emily & Adèle still slept; & saw behind those peaks of craggy hills a pink smile coming in the sky telling us that the morning had come really at last So we watched & suddenly there rose (popped w^{d} be a better word for it really rose in one instant)

such a sun—"nor dim, nor red" (you know the verse) & then dipped back again below the hills It was so beautiful—But I shocked Mama by saying "Jack in the box" which awoke Emily who declared of course she had been wide awake and had seen it all. Why do people always do that, S^{t}. Crumpet? This was just before we came to Marseilles. It had been snowing the day before & it was nice to go to sleep & wake up in the summer— We got to Toulon and there we spent the day & oh Archigosaurus we saw so many Lacertas there; again we thought of you—

How can you wish to be a parrot *—are you not our saint—You wouldn't look a bit nice in a gold laced cap; don't you know blue is the colour you should wear. At Toulon it was like July — I don't like such heat—Transplantation & scorching is too much for an Irish rose—But I sat with

Mama and Emily on a rock & sketched Toulon Harbour, (or rather tried to) for you St. Crumpet. Then the next we posted, the country was so beautiful some of it & towards evening we saw snowy peaks, they were the mountains of Savoy. I was pretty tired that night & we had to sleep at Frejus such a disagreeable place. The next day we had six horses to our carriage for it was a hilly road. We walked about two hours of the way over the hills † You know what sort of a view there was at the top, St. Crumpet & how one stands & stares & says nothing because the words of Grand

* I suppose I had not expressed this farther condition, of being her father's parrot.

† The pass of the Esterelle, between Frejus and Nice; more beautiful, always, to me, than all the groves and cliffs of the Riviera.—J. R., 1889.

Glorious, Beautiful etc cannot in one quarter express what one thinks. You the author of M-Ps c^d describe it Irish roses can't. But I can tell you how my cousins the moorland roses nodded at me as I passed and how they couldn't understand why Irish hedge roses bloomed in July instead of March

59. I can tell you how the fields were white with Narcissi, how the roads were edged with mauve-coloured anemones & how the scarlet anemones stood up in the meadows tantalizing me in the carriage so much because I wanted to feel them And there were myrtles (wild) growing close to the blue Mediterranean & Mama lay down on them by the seaside at Cannes while Papa and I were talking to a perfectly deaf old French fisherman who gave his * to me as he caught them putting them half alive into my hands, oh, you w^d have been alive there Archigosaurus. How I wish you had been there. Well we got here (Nice) on Saturday

* "Fish" to be understood; also that the fisherman was not "perfectly" deaf, for papa could not have talked with his eyes only, as Rose could,

evening & we climbed up an old Roman Ampitheatre and saw of all sunsets the most glorious. We said it was like Light in the West, Beauvais, and again we thought of you Oh St. Crumpet I think of you so much & of all your dearnesses to me

I wish so very much that you were happy —God can make you so—We will try not to forget all you taught us—It was so nice of you. Thank you so much from both of us. — Mama is very glad you went to Dr. Ferguson · She says you must not give him up. How very kind of you to see & talk to our old man Certainly the name is not beautiful We have all read your letter & we all care for it That was indeed a "dear Irish labourer." I like him so much; such a nice letter. I hope Mr & Mrs Ruskin are well now. Will you give them our love please & take for yourself as much as ever you please. It will be a great deal if you deign to take all we send you. I like Nice but I don't much like being transplanted except going home. I am ever your rose.

98961

Postscript.

Yes, write packets — trunks, & we shall like them so much. Indeed I couldn't write before, I'll try to write again. You must see how we think of you & talk of you —rose posie.

CHAPTER IV.

JOANNA'S CARE.

60. THE mischances which have delayed the sequence of "Præterita" must modify somewhat also its intended order. I leave Rosie's letter to tell what it can of the beginning of happiest days; but omit, for a little while, the further record of them,—of the shadows which gathered around them, and increased, in my father's illness; and of the lightning which struck him down in death—so sudden, that I find it extremely difficult, in looking back, to realize the state of mind in which it left either my mother or me. My own principal feeling was certainly anxiety for her, who had been for so many years in every thought dependent on my father's wishes, and withdrawn from all other social pleasure as long as she could be *his* companion. I scarcely felt the power I had over her, myself; and was at first amazed to find my own life

suddenly becoming to her another ideal; and that new hope and pride were possible to her, in seeing me take command of my father's fortune, and permitted by him, from his grave, to carry out the theories I had formed for my political work, with unrestricted and deliberate energy.

My mother's perfect health of mind, and vital religious faith, enabled her to take all the good that was left to her, in the world, while she looked in secure patience for the heavenly future: but there was immediate need for some companionship which might lighten the burden of the days to her.

61. I have never yet spoken of the members of my grandmother's family, who either remained in Galloway,* or were associated with my early days in London. Quite one of the dearest of them at this time, was Mrs. Agnew, born Catherine Tweddale, and named Catherine after her aunt, my father's mother. She had now for some years been living in widowhood; her little daughter, Joan, only five years old when her father died, having

* See "Præterita," vol. i., pp. 94, 95.

grown up in their pretty old house at Wigtown,* in the simplicity of entirely natural and contented life: and, though again and again under the stress of domestic sorrow, untellable in the depth of the cup which the death-angels filled for the child, yet in such daily happiness as her own bright and loving nature secured in her relations with all those around her; and in the habits of childish play, or education, then common in the rural towns of South Scotland: of which, let me say at once that there was greater refinement in them, and more honourable pride, than probably, at that time, in any other district of Europe;† a certain pathetic melody and

* Now pulled down and the site taken for the new county buildings. The house as it once stood is seen in the centre of the wood-cut at page 6 of Gordon Fraser's Guide, with the Stewartry hills in the distance. I have seldom seen a truer rendering of the look of an old Scottish town.

† The following couple of pages, from 'Redgauntlet,' put in very few words the points of difference between them and the fatally progressive follies and vanities of Edinburgh:—

"'Come away, Mr. Fairford; the Edinburgh time is later than ours,' said the Provost.

"'And come away, young gentleman,' said the Laird; 'I remember your father weel, at the Cross, thirty years

power of tradition consecrating nearly every scene with some past light, either of heroism or religion.

62. And so it chanced, providentially, that at this moment, when my mother's thoughts dwelt constantly on the past, there should be

ago. I reckon you are as late in Edinburgh as at London; *four* o'clock hours, eh?'

"'Not quite so degenerate,' replied Fairford; 'but certainly many Edinburgh people are so ill-advised as to *postpone their dinner* till three, that they may have full time to answer their London correspondents.'

"'London correspondents!' said Mr. Maxwell; 'and pray, what the devil have the people of Auld Reekie to do with London correspondents?'

"'The tradesmen must have their goods,' said Fairford.

"'Can they not buy our own Scottish manufactures, and pick their customers' pockets in a more patriotic manner?'

"'Then the ladies must have fashions,' said Fairford.

"'Can they not busk the plaid over their heads, as their mothers did? A tartan screen, and once a year a new cockernony from Paris, should serve a countess; but ye have not many of *them* left, I think. Mareschal, Airley, Winton, Wemyss, Balmerino—ay, ay, the countesses and ladies of quality will scarce take up too much of your ball-room floor with their quality hoops nowadays.'

"'There is no want of crowding, however, sir,' said Fairford; 'they begin to talk of a new Assembly Room.'

"'A new Assembly Room!' said the old Jacobite Laird. 'Umph—I mind quartering three hundred men in the Assembly Room you *have*. But, come, come: I'll ask no more questions—the answers all smell of new lords, new lands.'"

this child near us,—still truly a child, in her powers of innocent pleasure, but already so accustomed to sorrow, that there was nothing that could farther depress her in my mother's solitude. I have not time to tell of the pretty little ways in which it came about, but they all ended in my driving to No. 1, Cambridge Street, on the 19th April, 1864: where her uncle (my cousin, John Tweddale) brought her up to the drawing-room to me, saying, "This is Joan."

I had seen her three years before, but not long enough to remember her distinctly: only I had a notion that she would be "nice,"* and saw at once that she *was* entirely nice, both in my mother's way, and mine; being now seventeen years and some—well, for example of accuracy and conscience —forty-five days, old. And I very thankfully took her hand out of her uncle's, and received her in trust, saying—I do not remember just what,—but certainly *feeling* much more strongly than either her uncle or she did,

* And the word means more, with me, than with Sydney Smith (see his Memoirs); but it means *all* that *he* does, to begin with.

that the gift, both to my mother and me, was one which we should not easily bear to be again withdrawn. I put her into my father's carriage at the door, and drove her out to Denmark Hill. Here is her own account of what followed between my mother and her:—

63. "I was received with great kindness by the dear old lady, who did not inspire *me*, as she did so many other people, with a feeling of awe! We were the best of friends, from the first. She, ever most considerate of what would please *me*, and make me happy; and I, (ever a lover of old ladies!) delighted to find it so easily possible to please *her*.

"Next morning she said, 'Now tell me frankly, child, what you like best to eat, and you shall have it. Don't hesitate; say what you'd really like,—for luncheon to-day, for instance.' I said, truthfully, 'Cold mutton, and oysters'; and this became a sort of standing order (in months with the letter *r*!) —greatly to the cook's amusement.

"Of course I respectfully called the old lady '*Mrs. Ruskin*'; but in a day or two,

she told me she didn't like it, and would I call her 'Aunt' or 'Auntie'? I readily did so.

"The days flew in that lovely garden, and as I had only been invited to stay a week, until Mr. Ruskin should return home,* I felt miserable when he did come, thinking I must go back to London streets, and noise; (though I was always very happy with my good uncle and aunts).

"So, when the last evening came, of my week, I said, with some hesitation, 'Auntie, I had better go back to my uncle's to-morrow!'

"She flung down her netting, and turned sharply round, saying, 'Are you unhappy, child?' 'Oh no!' said I, 'only my week is up, and I thought it was time——'

"I was not allowed to finish my sentence. She said, 'Never let me hear you say anything again about going; as long as you are happy here, stay, and we'll send for your clothes, and make arrangements about lessons, and everything else here.'

* I must have been going away somewhere the day after I brought her to Denmark Hill.

"And thus it came about that I stayed *seven years!*—till I married; going home now and then to Scotland, but always getting pathetic little letters there, telling me to 'come back as soon as my mother could spare me, that I was much missed, and nobody could ever fill my place.' And auntie was very old then (not that she ever could bear being called *old*, at ninety!), and I could not ever bear the thought of leaving her!"

64. Thus far Joanie; nor virtually have she and I ever parted since. I do not care to count how long it is since her marriage to Arthur Severn; only I think her a great deal prettier now than I did then: but other people thought her extremely pretty then, and I am certain that everybody *felt* the guileless and melodious sweetness of the face. Her first conquest was almost on our threshold; for half an hour or so after we had reached Denmark Hill, Carlyle rode up the front garden, joyfully and reverently received as always; and stayed the whole afternoon; even, (Joan says) sitting with us during our early dinner at five. Many a day after that, he used to come; and one evening, "in

describing with some rapture how he had once as a young man had a delightful trip into Galloway, 'where he was most hospitably entertained in the town of Wigtown by a Mr. Tweddale,' I (Joan) said quietly, 'I *am* so glad! That was my grandfather, and Wigtown is my native place!' He turned in a startled, sudden way, saying, 'Bless the child, is that so?' adding some very pretty compliments to my place and its people, which filled my heart with great pride. And, on another occasion, after he had been to meet the Queen at Dean Stanley's, in describing to us some of the conversation, he made us laugh by telling how, in describing to Her Majesty the beauty of Galloway, that 'he believed there was no finer or more beautiful drive in her kingdom than the one round the shore of the Stewartry, by Gatehouse of Fleet,' he got so absorbed in his subject that, in drawing his chair closer to the Queen, he at last became aware he had fixed it on her dress, and that she could not move till he withdrew it! Do you think I may say farther" (Of course, Joanie), "that Carlyle as a young man often went to my great aunt's

(Mrs. Church) in Dumfriesshire; and he has several times told me that he considered *her* one of the most remarkable and kindest women he had ever known. On one occasion while there, he went to the little Cummertrees Church, where the then minister (as a joke sometimes called 'Daft Davie Gillespie') used to speak his mind very plainly from the pulpit, and while preaching a sermon on 'Youth and Beauty being laid in the grave,' something tickled Carlyle, and he was seen to smile; upon which Mr. Gillespie stopped suddenly, looked with a frown at Carlyle (who was sitting in my aunt's pew), and said, 'Mistake me not, young man; it is *youth alone* that *you* possess.' This was told to me, (Joan,) by an old cousin of mine who heard it, and was sitting next Carlyle at the time."

65. I am so glad to be led back by Joanie to the thoughts of Carlyle, as he showed himself to her, and to me, in those spring days, when he used to take pleasure in the quiet of the Denmark Hill garden, and to use all his influence with me to make me contented in my duty to my mother; which he, as, with even greater insistance, Turner,

always told me was my first;—both of them seeing, with equal clearness, the happiness of the life that was possible to me in merely meeting my father's affection and hers, with the tranquil exertion of my own natural powers, in the place where God had set me.

Both at the time, and ever since, I have felt bitter remorse that I did not make Carlyle free of the garden, and his horse of the stables, whether we were at home or not; for the fresh air, and bright view of the Norwood hills, were entirely grateful and healing to him, when the little back garden at Cheyne Row was too hot, or the neighbourhood of it too noisy, for his comfort.

66. And at this time, nearly every opportunity of good, and peace, was granted in Joan's coming to help me to take care of my mother. She was perfectly happy, herself, in the seclusion of Denmark Hill; while yet the occasional evenings spent at George Richmond's, or with others of her London friends, (whose circle rapidly widened,) enabled her to bring back to my mother little bits of gossip which were entirely refreshing to both of us; for I used to leave my study

whenever Joanie came back from these expeditions, to watch my mother's face in its glittering sympathy. I think I have said of her before, that although not witty herself, her strong sense gave her the keenest enjoyment of kindly humour, whether in saying or incident; and I have seen her laughing, partly *at* Joanie and partly *with* her, till the tears ran down her still brightly flushing cheeks. Joan was never tired of telling her whatever gave her pleasure, nor of reading to her, in quieter time, the books she delighted in, against which, girls less serenely—nay, less religiously, bred, would assuredly have rebelled,—any quantity, for instance, of Miss Edgeworth and Richardson.

(I interrupt myself for a moment to express, at this latter time of life, the deep admiration I still feel for Richardson. The follies of modern novel writing render it impossible for young people to understand the perfection of the human nature in his conception, and delicacy of finish in his dialogue, rendering all his greater scenes unsurpassable in their own manner of art. They belong to a time of the English

language in which it could express with precision the most delicate phases of sentiment, necessarily now lost under American, Cockney, or scholastic slang.)

67. Joanie herself had real faculty and genius in all rightly girlish directions. She had an extremely sweet voice, whether in reading or singing; inventive wit, which was softly satirical, but never malicious; and quite a peculiar, and perfect, sense of clownish humour, which never for an instant diminished her refinement, but enabled her to sing either humorous Scotch, or the brightest Christy Minstrel carols, with a grace and animation which, within their gentle limits, could not be surpassed. She had a good natural faculty for drawing also, not inventive, but realistic; so that she answered my *first* lessons with serviceable care and patience; and was soon able to draw and paint flowers which were a great deal liker the flowers themselves than my own elaborate studies;—no one said of them, "What wonderful drawing!" but everybody said, "How like a violet, or a buttercup!" At that point, however, she stayed, and yet

stays, to my sorrow, never having advanced into landscape drawing.

But very soon, also, she was able to help me in arranging my crystals; and the day divided itself between my mother's room, the mineral room, the garden, and the drawing-room, with busy pleasures for every hour.

68. Then, in my favourite readings, the deep interest which, in his period of entirely central power, Scott had taken in the scenery of the Solway, rendered everything that Joanie could tell me of her native bay and its hills, of the most living interest to me; and although, from my father's unerring tutorship, I had learned Scott's own Edinburgh accent with a precision which made the turn of every sentence precious to me, (and, I believe, my own rendering of it thoroughly interesting, even to a Scottish listener,)—yet every now and then Joanie could tell me something of old, classic, Galloway Scotch, which was no less valuable to me than a sudden light thrown on a chorus in Æschylus would be to a Greek scholar;—nay, only the other day I was entirely crushed by her interpreting to me, for the first time, the meaning of the name of

the village of Captain Clutterbuck's residence, —Kennaquhair.*

69. And it has chiefly been owing to Joan's help,—and even so, only within the last five or six years,—that I have fully understood the power, not on Sir Walter's mind merely, but on the character of all good Scotchmen, (much more, good Scotchwomen,) of the two lines of coast from Holy Island to Edinburgh, and from Annan to the Mull of Galloway. Between them, if the reader will glance at any

* "Ken na' where"! Note the cunning with which Scott himself throws his reader off the scent, in the first sentence of 'The Monastery,' by quoting the learned Chalmers "for the derivation of the word '*Quhair*,' from the winding course of the stream; a definition which coincides in a remarkable degree with the serpentine turns of the Tweed"! ("It's a *serpentine turn* of his own, I think!" says Joanie, as I show her the sentence,) while in the next paragraph he gives an apparently historical existence to "the village of which we speak," by associating it with Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso, in the "splendour of foundation by David I.," and concludes, respecting the lands with which the king endowed these wealthy fraternities, with a grave sentence, perhaps the most candid ever written by a Scotsman, of the centuries preceding the Reformation: "In fact, for several ages the possessions of these Abbies were each a sort of Goshen, enjoying the calm light of peace and immunity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and unremitted outrage."

old map which gives rivers and mountains, instead of railroads and factories, he will find that all the highest intellectual and moral powers of Scotland were developed, from the days of the Douglases at Lochmaben, to those of Scott in Edinburgh,—Burns in Ayr,—and Carlyle at Ecclefechan, by the *pastoral* country, everywhere habitable, but only by hardihood under suffering, and patience in poverty; defending themselves always against the northern Pictish war of the Highlands, and the southern, of the English Edwards and Percys, in the days when whatever was loveliest and best of the Catholic religion haunted still the—then *not* ruins,—of Melrose, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, Dumblane, Dundrennan, New Abbey of Dumfries, and, above all, the most ancient Cave of Whithorn,—the Candida Casa of St. Ninian; while perfectly sincere and passionate forms of Evangelicalism purified and brightened the later characters of shepherd Cameronian life, being won, like all the great victories of Christianity, by martyrdoms, of which the memory remains most vivid by those very shores where Christianity was first planted in Scotland,—Whithorn is

I think, only ten miles south of Wigtown Bay; and in the churchyard of Wigtown, close to the old Agnew burying-ground, (where most of Joanie's family are laid,) are the graves of Margaret MacLachlan, and Margaret Wilson, over which in rhythm is recorded on little square tombstones the story of their martyrdom.

70. It was only, I repeat, since what became practically my farewell journey in Italy in 1882, that I recovered the train of old associations by re-visiting Tweedside, from Coldstream up to Ashestiel; and the Solway shores from Dumfries to Whithorn; and while what knowledge I had of southern and foreign history then arranged itself for final review, it seemed to me that this space of low mountain ground, with the eternal sublimity of its rocky seashores, of its stormy seas and dangerous sands; its strange and mighty crags, Ailsa and the Bass, and its pathless moorlands, haunted by the driving cloud, had been of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine. In my quite last journey to Venice I was, I think,

justly and finally impressed with the sadness and even *weakness* of the Mediterranean coasts; and the temptation to human nature, there, to solace itself with debasing pleasures; while the very impossibility of either accumulating the treasures, or multiplying the dreams, of art, among those northern waves and rocks, left the spirit of man strong to bear the hardships of the world, and faithful to obey the precepts of Heaven.

71. It is farther strange to me, even now, on reflection—to find how great the influence of this double ocean coast and Cheviot mountain border was upon Scott's imagination; and how salutary they were in withdrawing him from the morbid German fancies which proved so fatal to Carlyle: but there was this grand original difference between the two, that, with Scott, his story-telling and singing were all in the joyful admiration of that past with which he could re-people the scenery he gave the working part of his day to traverse, and all the sensibility of his soul to love;* while Carlyle's mind, fixed

* Yet, remember, so just and intense is his perception, and so stern his condemnation, of whatever is *corrupt* in the

anxiously on the future, and besides embarrassed by the practical pinching, as well as the unconfessed shame, of poverty, saw and felt from his earliest childhood nothing but the faultfulness and gloom of the Present.

It has been impossible, hitherto, to make the modern reader understand the vastness of Scott's true historical knowledge, underneath its romantic colouring, nor the concentration of it in the production of his eternally great poems and romances. English ignorance of the Scottish dialect is at present nearly total; nor can it be without very earnest effort, that the melody of Scott's verse, or the meaning of his dialogue, can ever again be estimated. He must now be read with the

Scottish character, that while of distinctly evil natures—Varney, Rashleigh, or Lord Dalgarno—he takes world-wide examples,—the unpardonable baseness of so-called respectable or religious persons, and the cruelties of entirely selfish soldiers, are always Scotch. Take for the highest type the Lord Lindsay of 'The Abbot,' and for the worst, Morton in 'The Monastery,' then the terrible, *because* at first sincere, Balfour of Burleigh in 'Old Mortality'; and in lower kind, the Andrew Fairservice and MacVittie of 'Rob Roy,' the Peter Peebles of 'Redgauntlet,' the Glossin of 'Guy Mannering,' and the Saddletree of the 'Heart of Midlothian.'

care which we give to Chaucer; but with the greater reward, that what is only a dream in Chaucer, becomes to us, understood from Scott, a consummate historical morality and truth.

72. The first two of his great poems, 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' and 'Marmion,' are the re-animation of Border legends, closing with the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature *;—the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conceptions of both. And that the palm in that conception remains with the Scotch, through the sorrow of their defeat, is no more than accurate justice to the national character, which rose from the fraternal branches of the Douglas of Tantallon and the Douglas of Dunkeld. But,—between Tantallon and Dunkeld,—what moor or mountain is there over which the purple cloud of Scott's imagination has not wrapt its light, in those two great poems?—followed by the

* I include the literature of all foreign languages, so far as known to me: there is nothing to approach the finished delineation and flawless majesty of conduct in Scott's Flodden.

entirely heroic enchantment of 'The Lady of the Lake,' dwelling on the Highland virtue which gives the strength of clanship, and the Lowland honour of knighthood, founded on the Catholic religion. Then came the series of novels, in which, as I have stated elsewhere,* those which dealt with the history of other nations, such as 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Woodstock,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'The Betrothed,' and 'The Crusaders,' however attractive to the general world, were continually weak in fancy, and false in prejudice; but the literally *Scotch* novels, 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Abbot,' 'Redgauntlet,' and 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' *are*, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless, throughout, as human work can be: and eternal examples of the ineffable art which is taught by the loveliest nature to her truest children.

Now of these, observe, 'Guy Mannering,' 'Redgauntlet,' a great part of 'Waverley,' and the beautiful close of 'The Abbot,' pass

* 'On the Old Road,' Fiction—Fair and Foul.—ED.

on the two coasts of Solway. The entire power of 'Old Mortality' rises out of them, and their influence on Scott is curiously shown by his adoption of the name "Ochiltree" for his bedesman of Montrose, coming, not from the near hills, as one at first fancies, but from the Ochiltree Castle, which in Mercator's old map of 1637 I find in the centre of the archbishopric, then extending from Glasgow to Wigtown, and correspondent to that of St. Andrew's on the east,—the subordinate bishopric of Candida Casa, answering to that of Dunkeld, with the bishoprics of the isles Sura, Mura, and Isla. It is also, Mercator adds in his note, called the "bishopric of Galloway."

73. "Even I," says Joanie, again, "remember old people who knew the real 'Old Mortality.' He used to come through all the Galloway district to clean and re-cut the old worn gravestones of the martyrs; sometimes, I have been told, to the long since disused kirkyard of Kirkchrist, the place where my great aunt, Mrs. Church (Carlyle's friend, of whom I have spoken) began her married life. Kirkchrist is just on the

opposite side from Kirkcudbright, overlooking the River Dee."

I must go back to a middle-aged map of 1773, to find the noble river rightly traced from its source above Kenmure Castle to the winding bay which opens into Solway, by St. Mary's Isle; where Kirkchrist is marked as Christ K, with a cross, indicating the church then existing.

I was staying with Arthur and Joan, at Kenmure Castle itself in the year 1876, and remember much of its dear people: and, among the prettiest scenes of Scottish gardens, the beautiful trees on the north of that lawn on which the last muster met for King Charles; "and you know," says Joanie, "the famous song that used to inspire them all, of 'Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!'"* The thoughts come too fast upon me, for before Joanie said this, I was trying to recollect on what height above Solway, Darsie Latimer pauses with

"Lady Huntley plays Scotch tunes like a Highland angel. She ran a set of variations on 'Kenmure's on and awa',' which I told her were enough to raise a whole countryside. I never in my life heard such fire thrown into that sort of music."—*Sir Walter writing to his daughter Sophia. Lockhart's "Life,"* vol. iv., page 371.

Wandering Willie, in whom Scott records for ever the glory,—not of Scottish music only, but of all *Music*, rightly so called,—which is a part of God's own creation, becoming an expression of the purest hearts.

74. I cannot pause now to find the spot, and still less the churchyard in which, at the end of Wandering Willie's tale, his grandsire wakes: but, to the living reader, I have this to say very earnestly, that the whole glory and blessing of these sacred coasts depended on the rise and fall of their eternal sea, over sands which the sunset gilded with its withdrawing glow, from the measureless distances of the west, on the ocean horizon, or veiled in silvery mists, or shadowed with fast-flying storm, of which nevertheless every cloud was pure, and the winter snows blanched in the starlight. For myself, the impressions of the Solway sands are a part of the greatest teaching that ever I received during the joy of youth:—for Turner, they became the most

It is on the highest bit of moor between Dumfries and Annan. Wandering Willie's "parishine" is only thus defined in 'Redgauntlet'—"They ca' the place Primrose Knowe."

pathetic that formed his character in the prime of life, and the five Liber Studiorum subjects, "Solway Moss," "Peat Bog, Scotland," "The Falls of Clyde," "Ben Arthur," and "Dumblane Abbey," remain more complete expressions of his intellect, and more noble monuments of his art, than all his mightiest after work, until the days of sunset in the west came for *it* also.

75. As 'Redgauntlet' is, in its easily readable form, inaccessible, nowadays, I quote at once the two passages which prove Scott's knowledge of music, and the strong impression made on him by the scenery between Dumfries and Annan. Hear, first, of Darsie Latimer's escape from the simplicity of his Quaker friends to the open downs of the coast which had formerly seemed so waste and dreary. "The air I breathed felt purer and more bracing; the clouds, riding high upon a summer breeze, drove in gay succession over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Frith of Solway."

A moment afterwards he catches the tune of "Old Sir Thom a Lyne," sung by three musicians cosily niched into what you might call a *bunker*,* a little sandpit, dry and snug, surrounded by its banks, and a screen of furze in full bloom. Of whom the youngest, Benjie, "at first somewhat dismayed at my appearance, but calculating on my placability, almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk, and informed *me* that this was Willie Steenson, 'Wandering Willie, the best fiddler that ever kittled thairm (cat-gut) with horse-hair.' I asked him if he was of this country. '*This* country!' replied the blind man, 'and of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am in some sense of this country, *for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway.*'"

76. I must pause again to tell the modern reader that no word is ever used by Scott in a hackneyed sense. For three hundred years of English commonplace, *roar* has

* This is a modern word, meaning, first, a large chest; then, a recess scooped in soft rock.

rhymed to *shore*, as *breeze* to *trees;* yet in this sentence the word is as powerful as if it had never been written till now! for no other sound of the sea is for an instant comparable to the breaking of deep ocean, as it rises over great spaces of sand. In its rise and fall on a rocky coast, it is either perfectly silent, or, if it strike, it is with a crash, or a blow like that of a heavy gun. Therefore, under ordinary conditions, there may be either *splash*, or *crash*, or *sigh*, or *boom;* but not *roar*. But the hollow sound of the countless ranks of surfy breakers, rolling mile after mile in ceaseless following, every one of them with the apparent anger and threatening of a fate which is assured death unless fled from,—the sound of this approach, over quicksands, and into inextricable gulfs of mountain bay, this, heard far out at sea, or heard far inland, through the peace of secure night—or stormless day, is still an eternal voice, with the harmony in it of a mighty law, and the gloom of a mortal warning.

77. "The old man preluded as he spoke, and then taking the old tune of 'Galashiels' for his theme, he graced it with a wildness of

complicated and beautiful variations; during which it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very considerable powers.

"'What think you of that now, for threescore and twa?'"

I pause again to distinguish this noble pride of a man of unerring genius, in the power which all his life has been too short to attain, up to the point he conceives of,—from the base complacency of the narrow brain and dull heart, in their own chosen ways of indolence or error.

The feeling comes out more distinctly still, three pages forward, when his wife tells him, "The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie; ye maunna speak that gate to him, hinnie." "The deevil I maunna!" said Willie,* "and

* Joanie tells me she has often heard the fame of the *real* Wandering Willie spoken of: he was well known in travel from the Border right into Galloway, stopping to play in villages and at all sorts of out-of-the-way houses, and, strangely, succeeded by a *blind woman* fiddler, who used to come led by a sister; and the chief singing lessons in Joanie's young days were given through Galloway by a *blind man*, who played the fiddle to perfection; and his ear was so correct that if in a class of fifty voices one note

what for maunna I? If he was ten gentles, he *canna draw a bow like me, can he?*"

78. I need to insist upon this distinction, at this time in England especially, when the names of artists, whose birth was an epoch in the world's history, are dragged through the gutters of Paris, Manchester, and New York, to decorate the last puffs written for a morning concert, or a monthly exhibition. I have just turned out of the house a book in which I am told by the modern picture dealer that Mr. A., B., C., D., or F. is "the Mozart of the nineteenth century"; the fact being that Mozart's birth wrote the laws of melody for all the world as irrevocably as if they had been set down by the waves of Solway; and as widely as the birth of St. Gregory in the sixth century fixed to *its* date for ever the establishment of the laws of musical expression. Men of perfect genius are known

was discordant, he would stop instantly, tap loudly on the fiddle with the back of his bow, fly to the spot where the wrong note came from, pounce on the person, and say, 'It was *you*, and it's no use denying it; if I can't *see*, I can *hear*!' and he'd make the culprit go over and over the phrase till it was conquered. He always opened the class with a sweeping scale, dividing off so many voices to each note, to follow in succession."

in all centuries by their perfect respect to all law, and love of past tradition; their work in the world is never innovation, but new creation; without disturbing for an instant the foundations which were laid of old time. One would have imagined—at least, any one but Scott would have imagined—that a Scottish blind fiddler would have been only the exponent of Scottish feeling and Scottish art; it was even with astonishment that I myself read the conclusion of his dialogue with Darsie Latimer: "'Are ye in the wont of drawing up wi' all the gangrel bodies that ye meet on the high road, or find cowering in a sand-bunker upon the links?' demanded Willie.

"'Oh, no! only with honest folks like yourself, Willie,' was my reply.

"'Honest folks like me! How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himsell for what ye ken; for he has power to come disguised like an angel of light; and besides, he is a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to *Corelli*, ye ken.'"

79. This reference to the simplest and purest writer of Italian melody being not for the sake of the story, but because Willie's

own art had been truly founded upon him, so that he had been really an angel of music, as well as light to him. See the beginning of the dialogue in the previous page. "'Do you ken the Laird?' said Willie, interrupting an overture of Corelli, of which he had whistled several bars with great precision."

I must pause again, to crowd together one or two explanations of the references to music in my own writings hitherto, which I can here sum by asking the reader to compare the use of the voice in war, beginning with the cry of Achilles on the Greek wall, down to what may be named as the two great instances of modern choral war-song: the singing of the known Church-hymn * at the Battle of Leuthen ("Friedrich," vol. ii., p. 259), in which "five-and-twenty thousand victor voices joined":

> "Now thank God one and all,
> With heart, with voice, with hands,
> Who wonders great hath done
> To us and to all lands;"—

and, on the counter side, the song of the Marseillaise on the march to Paris, which

* *Psalm*, I believe, rather; but see my separate notes on St. Louis' Psalter (now in preparation).

began the conquests of the French Revolution, in turning the tide of its enemies. Compare these, I say, with the debased use of modern military bands at dinners and dances, which inaugurate such victory as *we* had at the Battle of Balaclava, and the modern no-Battle of the Baltic, when our entire war fleet, a vast job of ironmongers, retreated, under Sir C. Napier, from before the Russian fortress of Cronstadt.

80. I preface with this question the repetition of what I have always taught, that the Voice is the eternal musical instrument of heaven and earth, from angels down to birds. Half way between them, my little Joanie sang me yesterday, 13th May, 1889, "Farewell, Manchester," and "Golden Slumbers," two pieces of consummate melody, which can only be expressed by the voice, and belonging to the group of like melodies which have been, not invented, but inspired, to all nations in the days of their loyalty to God, to their prince, and to themselves. That Manchester has since become the funnel of a volcano, which, not content with vomiting pestilence, gorges the whole rain of heaven, that falls over

a district as distant as the ancient Scottish border,—is not indeed wholly Manchester's fault, nor altogether Charles Stuart's fault; the beginning of both faults is in the substitution of mercenary armies for the troops of nations *led* by their *kings*. Had Queen Mary led, like Zenobia, at Langside; had Charles I. charged instead of Prince Rupert at Naseby; and Prince Edward bade Lochiel follow *him* at Culloden, we should not to-day have been debating who was to be our king at Birmingham or Glasgow. For the rest I take the bye-help that Fors gives me in this record of the power of a bird's voice only.*

* "An extraordinary scene is to be witnessed every evening at Leicester in the freemen's allotment gardens, where a nightingale has established itself. The midnight songster was first heard a week ago, and every evening hundreds of people line the roads near the trees where the bird has his haunt. The crowds patiently wait till the music begins, and the bulk of the listeners remain till midnight, while a number of enthusiasts linger till one and two o'clock in the morning. Strange to say, the bird usually sings in a large thorn bush just over the mouth of the tunnel of the Midland main line, but the songster is heedless of noise, and smoke, and steam, his stream of song being uninterrupted for four or five hours every night. So large has been the throng of listeners that the chief constable has drafted a number of policemen to maintain order and prevent damage."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 11th, 1889.

81. But the distinction of the music of Scotland from every other is in its association with sweeter natural sounds, and filling a deeper silence. As Fors also ordered it, yesterday afternoon, before Joanie sang these songs to me, I had been, for the first time since my return from Venice, down to the shore of my own lake, with her and her two youngest children, at the little promontory of shingle thrown out into it by the only mountain brook on this eastern side, (Beck Leven,) which commands the windings of its wooded shore under Furness Fells, and the calm of its fairest expanse of mirror wave,—a scene which is in general almost melancholy in its perfect solitude; but, when the woods are in their gladness, and the green—how much purer, how much softer than ever emerald!—of their unsullied spring, and the light of dawning summer, possessing alike the clouds and mountains of the west,—it is, literally, one of the most beautiful and strange remnants of all that was once most sacred in this British land,—all to which we owe, whether the heart, or the voice, of the Douglas "tender and true," or the minstrel

of the Eildons, or the bard of Plynlimmon, or the Ellen of the lonely Isle,—to whose lips Scott has entrusted the most beautiful Ave Maria that was ever sung, and which can never be sung rightly again until it is remembered that the harp is the true ancient instrument of Scotland, as well as of Ireland.*

* Although the violin was known as early as 1270, and occurs again and again in French and Italian sculpture and illumination, its introduction, in superseding both the voice, the golden bell, and the silver trumpet, was entirely owing to the demoralization of the Spanish kingdom in Naples, of which Evelyn writes in 1644, "The building of the city is, for the size, the most magnificent in Europe. To it belongeth three thousand churches and monasteries, and those best built and adorned of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit, delight in good horses, the streets are full of gallants on horseback, and in coaches and sedans, from hence first brought into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb; the country people so jovial, and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle,—they are merry, witty, and genial, all which I attribute to the excellent quality of the air."

What Evelyn means by the *fiddle* is not quite certain, since he himself, going to study "in Padua, far beyond the sea," there learned to play on "ye theorba, taught by Signior Dominico Bassano, who had a daughter married to a doctor of laws, that played and sung *to nine* several instruments, with that skill and addresse as few masters in Italy exceeded her; she likewise composed divers excellent pieces. I had never seen any play on the *Naples viol* before."

I am afraid of being diverted too far from Solway Moss, and must ask the reader to look back to my description of the Spirit of music in the Spanish chapel at Florence ("The Strait Gate," pages 134 and 135), remembering only this passage at the beginning of it, "After learning to reason, you will learn to sing: for you will want to. There is much reason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it. None for grumbling, provided always you *have* entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along the road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for other people to hear."

82. I will only return to Scott for one half page more, in which he has contrasted with his utmost masterhood the impressions of English and Scottish landscape. Few scenes of the world have been oftener described, with the utmost skill and sincerity of authors, than the view from Richmond Hill sixty years since; but none can be compared with the ten lines in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' edition of 1830, page 374. "A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by

numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained, and unbounded, through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

"As the Duke of Argyle looked on this inimitable landscape, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand and scarce less beautiful domains of Inverary. 'This is a fine scene,' he said to his companion, curious perhaps to draw out her sentiments; 'we have nothing like it in Scotland.' 'It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here,' replied Jeanie; 'but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees.'"

83. I do not know how often I have already vainly dwelt on the vulgarity and vainness of the pride in mere magnitude of timber

which began in Evelyn's "Sylva," and now is endlessly measuring, whether Californian pines or Parisian towers,—of which, though they could darken continents, and hide the stars, the entire substance, cost, and pleasure are not worth one gleam of leafage in Kelvin Grove, or glow of rowan tree by the banks of Earn, or branch of wild rose of Hazeldean; —but I may forget, unless I speak of it here, a walk in Scott's own haunt of Rhymer's Glen,* where the brook is narrowest in its sandstone bed, and Mary Ker stopped to

'Captain Adam Ferguson, who had written, from the lines of Torres Vedras, his hopes of finding, when the war should be over, some sheltering cottage upon the Tweed, within a walk of Abbotsford, was delighted to see his dreams realized; and the family took up their residence next spring at the new house of Toftfield, on which Scott then bestowed, at the ladies' request, the name of *Huntley Burn*;—this more harmonious designation being taken from the mountain brook which passes through its grounds and garden,—the same famous in tradition as the scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interviews with the Queen of Fairy.

"On completing this purchase, Scott writes to John Ballantyne:—'Dear John,—I have closed with Usher for his beautiful patrimony, which makes me a great laird. I am afraid the people will take me up for coining. Indeed these novels, while their attractions last, are something like it. I am very glad of *your* good prospects. Still I cry, *Prudence! Prudence!* Yours truly, W. S.'"—*Lockhart's "Life,"* vol. iv., page 82.

gather a wild rose for me. Her brother, then the youngest captain in the English navy, afterwards gave his pure soul up to his Captain, Christ,—not like banished Norfolk, but becoming a monk in the Jesuits' College, Hampton.

84. And still I have not room enough to say what I should like of Joanie's rarest, if not chiefest merit, her beautiful dancing. *Real* dancing, not jumping, or whirling, or trotting, or jigging, but dancing,—like Green Mantle's in 'Redgauntlet,' winning applause from men and gods, whether the fishermen and ocean Gods of Solway, or the marchmen and mountain Gods of Cheviot.* Rarest,

I must here once for all explain distinctly to the most matter-of-fact reader, the sense in which throughout all my earnest writing of the last twenty years I use the plural word "gods." I mean by it, the totality of spiritual powers, delegated by the Lord of the universe to do, in their several heights, or offices, parts of His will respecting men, or the world that man is imprisoned in;—not as myself knowing, or in security believing, that there are such, but in meekness accepting the testimony and belief of all ages, to the presence, in heaven and earth, of angels, principalities, powers, thrones, and the like,—with genii, fairies, or spirits ministering and guardian, or destroying or tempting; or aiding good work and inspiring the mightiest. For all these, I take the general word "gods," as the best understood in all languages, and the truest

nowadays, of all the gifts of cultivated womankind. It *used* to be said of a Swiss girl, in terms of commendation, she "prays well and dances well;" but now, no human

and widest in meaning, including the minor ones of seraph, cherub, ghost, wraith, and the like; and myself knowing for an indisputable fact, that no true happiness exists, nor is any good work ever done by human creatures, but in the sense or imagination of such presences. The following passage from the first volume of "Fors Clavigera" gives example of the sense in which I most literally and earnestly refer to them :—

"You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you! That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun had drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown, but in green, and blue, and all imaginable colours, here in England. Not one of you ever looked at them, then; not one of you cares for the loss of them, now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more, except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the vale of Tempe; you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light, walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get). You thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls 'Railroad Enterprise.' You enterprised a railroad through the valley, you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the gods with it; and now, every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange, you Fools everywhere!"

creature can pray at the pace of our common prayers, or dance at the pace of popular gavottes,—more especially the last; for however fast the clergyman may gabble, or the choir-boys yowl, their psalms, an earnest reader can always *think* his prayer, to the end of the verse; but no mortal footing can give either the right accent, or the due pause, in any beautiful step, at the pace of modern waltz or polka music. Nay, even the last quadrille I ever saw well danced, (and would have given half my wits to have joined hands in,) by Jessie and Vicky Vokes, with Fred and Rosina, was in truth *not* a quadrille, or four-square dance, but a beautifully flying romp. But Joanie could always dance everything *rightly*,* having not only the brightest

* Of *right* dancing, in its use on the stage, see the repeated notices in "Time and Tide." Here is the most careful one:—"She did it beautifully and simply, as a child ought to dance. She was not an infant prodigy; there was no evidence, in the finish or strength of her motion, that she had been put to continual torture through half her eight or nine years. She did nothing more than any child, well taught, but painlessly, might do. She caricatured no older person,—attempted no curious or fantastic skill. She was dressed decently,—she moved decently,—she looked and behaved innocently,—and she danced her joyful dance with perfect grace, spirit, sweetness, and

light and warmth of heart, but a faultless foot; faultless in freedom—never narrowed, or lifted into point or arch by its boot or heel, but level, and at ease; small, *almost* to a fault, and in its swiftest steps rising and falling with the gentleness which only Byron has found words for—

"Naked foot,
That shines like snow—and falls on earth as mute."

The modern artificial ideal being, on the contrary, expressed by the manner of stamp or tap, as in the Laureate's line—

"She tapped her tiny silken-sandalled foot.'

From which type the way is short, and has since been traversed quickly, to the conditions

self-forgetfulness. And through all the vast theatre, full of English fathers and mothers and children, there was not one hand lifted to give her sign of praise but mine.

"Presently after this came on the forty thieves, who, as I told you, were girls; and there being no thieving to be presently done, and time hanging heavy on their hands, arms, and legs, the forty thief-girls proceeded to light forty cigars. Whereupon the British public gave them a round of applause.

"Whereupon I fell a-thinking; and saw little more of the piece, except as an ugly and disturbing dream."

of patten, clog, golosh, and high-heeled bottines, with the real back of the foot thrown behind the ankle like a negress's, which have distressed alike, and disgraced, all feminine motion for the last quarter of a century,—the slight harebell having little chance enough of raising its head, once well under the hoofs of our proud maidenhood, decorate with dead robins, transfixed humming birds, and hot-house flowers,—for its "Wedding March by Mendelssohn." To think that there is not enough love or praise in all Europe and America to invent one other tune for the poor things to strut to!

85. I draw back to my own home, twenty years ago, permitted to thank Heaven once more for the peace, and hope, and loveliness of it, and the Elysian walks with Joanie, and Paradisiacal with Rosie, under the peach-blossom branches by the little glittering stream which I had paved with crystal for them. I had built behind the highest cluster of laurels a reservoir, from which, on sunny afternoons, I could let a quite rippling film of water run for a couple of hours down behind the hay-field, where the grass in spring still grew

fresh and deep. There used to be always a corncrake or two in it. Twilight after twilight I have hunted that bird, and never once got glimpse of it: the voice was always at the other side of the field, or in the inscrutable air or earth. And the little stream had its falls, and pools, and imaginary lakes. Here and there it laid for itself lines of graceful sand; there and here it lost itself under beads of chalcedony. It wasn't the Liffey, nor the Nith, nor the Wandel; but the two girls were surely a little cruel to call it "The Gutter"! Happiest times, for all of us, that ever were to be; not but that Joanie and her Arthur are giddy enough, both of them yet, with their five little ones, but they have been sorely anxious about me, and I have been sorrowful enough for myself, since ever I lost sight of that peach-blossom avenue. "Eden-land" Rosie calls it sometimes in her letters. Whether its tiny river were of the waters of Abana, or Euphrates, or Thamesis, I know not, but they were sweeter to my thirst than the fountains of Trevi or Branda.

86. How things bind and blend themselves

together! The last time I saw the Fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur's father's room—Joseph Severn's, where we both took Joanie to see him in 1872, and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter-in-law, now in her schoolroom; he himself then eager in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis, and delighted himself by painting the crystal and ruby glittering of the changing rivulet of water out of the Greek vase, glowing into wine. Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton,* under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together

* I must here say of Joanna and Charles Norton this much farther, that they were mostly of a mind in the advice they gave me about my books; and though Joan was, as it must have been already enough seen, a true-bred Jacobite, she curiously objected to my early Catholic opinions as roundly as either Norton or John P. Robinson. The three of them—not counting Lady Trevelyan or little Connie, (all together *five* opponent powers)—may be held practically answerable for my having never followed up the historic study begun in Val d'Arno, for it chanced that, alike in Florence, Siena, and Rome, all these friends, tutors, or enchantresses were at different times amusing themselves when I was at my hardest work; and many happy days were spent by all of us in somewhat luxurious hotel life,

that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its still golden words, "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit," and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars.

BRANTWOOD,
June 19th, 1889.

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when by rights I should have been still under Padre Tino in the sacristy of Assisi, or Cardinal Agostini at Venice, or the Pope himself at Rome, with my much older friend than any of these, Mr. Rawdon Brown's perfectly faithful and loving servant Antonio. Of Joanna's and Connie's care of *me* some further history will certainly, if I live, be given in No. VII, "The Rainbows of Giesbach"; of Charles Norton's visit to me there also.

DILECTA

CORRESPONDENCE, DIARY NOTES, AND EXTRACTS FROM BOOKS,

ILLUSTRATING

PRÆTERITA.

ARRANGED BY

JOHN RUSKIN

PREFACE.

THE readers of PRÆTERITA must by this time have seen that the limits of its design do not allow the insertion of any but cardinal correspondence. They will, of course, also know that during a life like mine, I must have received many letters of general interest, while those of my best-regarded friends are often much more valuable than my own sayings. Of these I will choose what I think should not be lost, which, with a few excerpts of books referred to, I can arrange at odd times for the illustration of PRÆTERITA, while yet the subscribers to that work need not buy the supplemental one unless they like. But, for the convenience of those who wish to have both, their form and type will be the same.

The letters will not be arranged chronologically, but as they happen, at any time, to bear on the incidents related in the main

text. Thus I begin with some of comparatively recent date, from my very dear friend Robert Leslie, George Leslie's brother, of extreme importance in illustration of points in the character of Turner to which I have myself too slightly referred. The pretty scene first related in them, however, took place before I had heard Turner's name. The too brief notes of autobiography left by the quietly skilful and modest painter, the "father who was staying at Lord Egremont's," C. R. Leslie, contain the truest and best-written sketches of the leading men of his time that, so far as I know, exist in domestic literature.

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *26th June*, 1886.

DILECTA.

CHAPTER I.

"6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
"*June 7th*, 1884.

1. "MY father was staying at Lord Egremont's; it was in September, I believe, of 1832. The sun had set beyond the trees at the end of the little lake in Petworth Park; at the other end of this lake was a solitary man, pacing to and fro, watching five or six lines or trimmers, that floated outside the water lilies near the bank. 'There,' said my father, 'is Mr. Turner, the great *sea* * painter.' He was smoking a cigar, and on the grass, near him, lay a fine pike. As we came up, another fish had just taken one of the baits, but, by some mischance, this line got foul of

* I have put 'sea' in italics, because it is a new idea to me that at this time Turner's fame rested on his marine paintings—all the early drawings passing virtually without notice from the Art world.

a stump or tree root in the water, and Turner was excited and very fussy in his efforts to clear it, knotting together bits of twine, with a large stone at the end, which he threw over the line several times with no effect. 'He did not care,' he said, 'so much about losing the fish as his tackle.' My father hacked off a long slender branch of a tree and tried to poke the line clear. This also failed, and Turner told him that nothing but a boat would enable him to get his line. Now it chanced that, the very day before, Chantrey, the sculptor, had been trolling for jack, rowed about by a man in a boat nearly all day; and my father, thinking it hard that Turner should lose his fish and a valuable line, started across the park to a keeper's cottage, where the key of the boathouse was kept. When we returned, and while waiting for the boat, Turner became quite chatty, rigging me a little ship, cut out of a chip, sticking masts into it, and making her sails from a leaf or two torn from a small sketch-book, in which I recollect seeing a memorandum in colour that he had made of the sky and sunset. The ship was hardly ready for sea before the man and boat

came lumbering up to the bank, and Turner was busy directing and helping him to recover the line, and, if possible, the fish. This, however, escaped in the confusion. When the line was got in, my father gave the man a couple of shillings for bringing the boat; while Turner, remarking that it was no use fishing any more after the water had been so much disturbed, reeled up his other lines, and, slipping a finger through the pike's gills, walked off with us toward Petworth House. Walking behind, admiring the great fish, I noticed as Turner carried it how the tail dragged on the grass, while his own coat-tails were but little further from the ground; also that a roll of sketches, which I picked up, fell from a pocket in one of these coat-tails, and Turner, after letting my father have a peep at them, tied the bundle up tightly with a bit of the sacred line. I think he had taken some twine off this bundle of sketches when making his stone rocket apparatus, and that this led to the roll working out of his pocket. My father knew little about fishing or fishing-tackle, and asked Turner, as a matter of curiosity, what the line he had nearly lost

was worth. Turner answered that it was an expensive one, worth quite half a crown.

"Turner's fish was served for dinner that evening; and, though I was not there to hear it, my father told me how old Lord Egremont joked Chantrey much about his having trolled the whole of the day without even a single run, while Turner had only come down by coach that afternoon, gone out for an hour, and brought in this big fish. Sir Francis was a scientific fisherman, and president of the Stockbridge Fishing Club, and, no doubt, looked upon Turner, with his trimmers, as little better than a poacher. Still there was the fish, and Lord Egremont's banter of Chantrey must have been an intense delight to Turner as a fisherman.

2. "It was about this time that I first went with my father to the Royal Academy upon varnishing days, and, wandering about watching the artists at work, there was no one, next to Stanfield and his boats, that I liked to get near so much as Turner, as he stood working upon those, to my eyes, nearly blank white canvases in their old academy frames. There were always a number of mysterious

little gallipots and cups of colour ranged upon drawing stools in front of his pictures; and, among other bright colours, I recollect one that must have been simple red-lead. He used short brushes, some of them like the writers used by house decorators, working with thin colour over the white ground, and using the brush end on, dapping and writing with it those wonderfully fretted cloud forms and the ripplings and filmy surface curves upon his near water. I have seen Turner at work upon many varnishing days, *but never remember his using a maul-stick.** He came, they said, with the carpenters at six in the morning, and worked standing all day. He always had on an old, tall beaver hat, worn rather off his forehead, which added much to his look of a North Sea pilot.

(Parenthetic.) "Have you noticed the sky lately in the north-west when the sun is about a hand's breadth above the horizon; also just after sunset, when your 'storm cloud' has been very marked, remaining like

* Italics mine. I have often told my pupils, and, I hope, printed for them somewhere, that all fine painting involves the play, or sweep, of the arm from the shoulder.

a painted sky, so still, that it might have been photographed over and over again by the slowest of processes?"

(From a following letter):—

3. "The only thing I am not certain about is the exact date of that first sight of Turner. I know that in 1833 I did not go to Petworth, as my father took us all to America in the autumn of that year, returning again in the spring of '34; and I am inclined to think that the scene in the park, which I tried to describe, must have taken place in the September of '34. I remember it all as though it were yesterday; I must then have been eight years old. I was always with my father, and we spent every autumn at Petworth for many years, both before and after then. I did not think it worth mentioning, but I had been allowed to spend the whole of the day before with Sir Francis Chantrey in that boat, and recollect his damning the man very much, once during the day, for pulling ahead rather suddenly, whereby Sir Francis, who was standing up in the boat, was thrown upon his back in

the bottom of her—no joke for such a heavy man.

"I think the foundation of *the ship* was a mere flat bit of board or chip, cut out for me by my father, and that Constable, the artist, had stuck a sail in it for me some days before (he was also at Petworth). I must have mentioned this to Turner, as I have a recollection of his saying, as he rigged it, 'Oh, he don't know anything about ships,' or 'What does he know about ships? this is how it ought to be,' sticking up some sails which looked to my eyes really quite ship-shape at that time.

4. "I saw Turner painting at the R.A. on more than one varnishing day, as my father took me with him for several years in succession. Every academician, in those good old times of *many* varnishing days, was allowed to take an assistant or servant with him, to carry about and clean his brushes, etc.; and my father and others always took their sons. This went on for some years, and I recollect my disappointment when my father told me he could not take me any more, as there had been a resolution passed

at a council meeting against the custom. I know that most of the pictures which I saw Turner working upon, just as I have described to you, were the Venetian subjects. Mr. Turner was always rather pleasant and friendly with me, on account, I think, of my love of the sea. I have been to his house in Queen Anne Street many times with my father, and recollect once that he took us into his dining-room and uncorked a very fine old bottle of port for us. I was much older then, perhaps fifteen or sixteen. I can never of course forget a few kind words which he spoke to me when I was myself an exhibitor at the R.A. My picture was a scene on the deck of a ship of two sailors chaffing a passenger, called 'A Sailor's Yarn.' Turner came up to the picture, and after looking at it for a minute, said, 'I like your colour.' I have the picture now, and always think of him when I look at it.

"I have written all this in great haste to answer your questions, dear Mr. Ruskin; and am sorry I have so little to tell, and that I am obliged to bring myself forward so much in the matter.

5. "I have often thought that Turner went out to catch that pike because he knew that Chantrey had been unsuccessful the day before.

"I don't know whether you were ever a fisherman; if you were, you would understand the strange fascination that the water has from which you snatched your first fish, after feeling the tug and sweep of it upon the line. Now the lake in Petworth Park had that fascination for my early fishy mind. Most boys' minds are very fishy, and shooty too,* as you have pointed out, and I was no exception; but I was always intensely boaty as well, caring less for rowing than sailing; and when I could not get afloat myself, I was never tired, even as a big boy, of doing so in imagination in any form of toy sailing-boat I could devise or get hold of. Hence it was that when I saw Turner's fish upon the grass, and was told that he was a sea painter, I looked upon him at once as something to fall down and worship—a man who

* Dear Leslie, might we not as well say they were bird's-nesty or dog-fighty? Really useful fishing is not play; and to watch a trout is indeed, whether for boy or girl, greater pleasure than to catch it, if they did but know!

could catch a big fish, and paint sea and boats! My father, though he had much of the backwoodsman in his nature, and could make himself a bootjack in five minutes when he had mislaid or lost his own, was no sportsman, and cared little for boating beyond taking a shilling fare sometimes from Hungerford Stairs in a wherry.

6. "As to my recollections of Turner upon the varnishing days, you must bear in mind that, as I had been used to spend from a child many hours a day in a painting-room, I never recollect a time when I was not well up in all matters relating to paint and brushes; and the first thing that struck me about Turner, as he worked at the R.A., was, that his way of work was quite unlike that of the other artists; and it had at once a great interest for me, so that I believe I watched him often for long spells at a time. I noticed, as I think I told you, that his brushes were few, looked old, and that among them were some of those common little soft brushes in white quill used by house-painters for painting letters, etc., with. His colours were mostly in powder, and he mixed them with turpentine,

sometimes with size, and water, and perhaps even with stale beer, as the grainers do their umber when using it upon an oil ground, binding it in with varnish afterwards; this way of painting is fairly permanent, as one knows by the work known to them as wainscotting or oak-graining. Besides red-lead, he had a blue which looked very like ordinary smalt; this, I think, tempered with crimson or scarlet lake, he worked over his near waters in the darker lines. I am almost sure that I saw him at work on the *Téméraire*, and that he altered the effect after I first saw it. In fact, I believe he worked again on this picture in his house long after I first saw it in the R.A. I remember Stanfield at work too, and what a contrast his brushes and whole manner of work presented to that of Turner.

7. "My brother George tells me to-day that he too has seen Turner at work, once at the R.A., and describes him as seeming to work almost with his nose close to the picture. He says that the picture was that one of the railway engine coming towards us at full speed. But my brother is nearly ten years younger than I am. Turner was always full

of little mysterious jokes and fun with his brother artists upon these varnishing days; and my father used to say that Turner looked upon them as one of the greatest privileges of the Academy. It is such a pleasure to me to think that I can be of *any* use to *you*, that I have risked sending this after my other letters. I have always been a man more or less of lost opportunities, and when living some fifteen years ago at Deal one occurred to me that I have never ceased to regret. My next-door neighbour was an old lady of the name of Cato; her maiden name was White; and she told me that she knew Turner well as a young man, also the young lady he was in love with. She spoke of him as being very delicate, and said that he often came to Margate for health. She seemed to know little of Turner as the artist. I cannot tell you how much I regret now not having pushed my inquiries further at that time; but twenty years ago I was more or less an unregenerate ruffian in such matters; and though I have always felt the same for Turner as the artist, I cared little to know much more than I remembered myself of him as a man.

"Trusting you will forgive the haste again of this letter,

"Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin,

"Yours faithfully,

"ROBT. LESLIE."

8. "Out of many visits to the house in Queen Anne Street, I never saw or was admitted to Turner's working studio, though he used to pop out of it upon us, in a mysterious way, during our stay in his gallery, and then leave us again for a while. In fact, I think my father had leave to go there when he pleased. I particularly remember one visit, in company with my father and a Yankee sea captain, to whom Turner was very polite, evidently looking up to the sailor capacity, and making many little apologies for the want of ropes and other details about certain vessels in a picture. No one knew or felt, I think, better than Turner the want of these mechanical details, and while the sea captain was there he paid no attention to any one else, but followed him about the gallery, bent upon hearing all he said. As it turned out, this captain and he became good friends for the

Yankee skipper's eyes were sharp enough to see through all the fog and mystery of Turner, how much of real sea feeling there was in him and his work. Captain Morgan, who was a great friend of Dickens, my father, and many other artists, used to send Turner a box of cigars almost every voyage after that visit to Queen Anne Street.

9. "Nothing I can ever do or write for you would repay the good you have done for me and mine in your books; and will you allow me to say, that in reading them I am not (much as I admire it) carried actually off my legs by your style, but that I feel more and more, each day I live, the plain *practical truth* of *all* you tell us. I cannot bear to hear people talk and write as they do of your style, and your being the greatest master of it, etc., while they sneer at the matter, etc. Nothing lowers the present generation of what are called clever men more to me than this" (nay, is not their abuse of Carlyle's manner worse than their praise of mine?). "I am rather thankful, even, that my best friends here do not belong to this class, being mostly pilots, sea captains, boat-builders, fishermen, and the like.

"I shall, in a day or two, be with my mother at Henley-on-Thames, and if I learn anything more from her about Turner, will let you know. She is now eighty-four, but writes a better letter, in a finer hand, without glasses, than I can with them."

10. "6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
"*June 25th*, 1884.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

"I have before me the engraving by Wilmore of the *Téméraire*. I think it was Stanfield who told me that the rigging of the ship in this engraving was trimmed up and generally made intelligible to the engraver by some mechanical marine artist or other. I am not sure now who, but think it was Duncan; whether or no, the rigging is certainly not as Turner painted it; while the black funnel of the tug in the engraving is placed abaft her mast or flagpole, instead of before it, as in Turner's picture; his first, strong, almost prophetic idea of smoke, soot, iron, and steam, coming to the front in all naval matters, being thus changed and, I venture to think, weakened by this alteration.

You most truly told us years ago that 'Take it all in all, a ship of the line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced.' I shall not therefore hesitate to ask you to put on your best spectacles and look for a moment at the enclosed photograph, which I have had taken for you from a model of the *Téméraire*, which we have here now in a sort of museum. The model is nearly three feet long, and belonged to an old naval man; it was made years ago by the French prisoners in the hulks at Portsmouth out of their beef-bones! Even if we were at war with France, and had the men and ships likely to do it, it would be impossible to catch any prisoners now who could make such a ship as this out of anything, much less of beef-bones; and as I foresee that this lovely little ship must soon, in the nature of things, pass away (some unfeeling brute has already robbed her of all her boats), and that there will be no one living able to restore a rope or spar rightly once they are broken or displaced in her, I felt it almost a duty to have this record taken and to send you a copy of it. I focussed the

camera myself, but there is, unavoidably, some exaggeration of the length of her jibboom and flying-jibboom. These spars, however, in old ships really measured, together with the bowsprit, nearly the length of the foremast from deck to truck. In fact, the bowsprit, with its spritsail and spritsail-topsailyards, formed a sort of fourth mast.

11. "I have just returned from a visit to my dear old mother at Henley, and she told me of how Turner came up to our house one evening by special appointment to sup upon Welsh rabbit (toasted cheese). This must have been about the year 1840 or '41, as it was at the time my father was engaged upon a portrait of Lord Chancellor Cottenham; and during the evening Turner went into the painting-room, where the robes, wig, etc., of the Chancellor were arranged upon a lay-figure; and, after a little joking, he was persuaded to put on the Lord Chancellor's wig, in which, my mother says, Turner looked splendid, so joyous and happy, too, in the idea that the Chancellor's wig became him better than any one else of the party.

"I must have been away from home then,

I think in America, for I never should have forgotten Turner being at our house; and this, I believe, is the only time he ever was there.

"Turner, my father, and the Yankee captain were excellent friends about this time, as the captain took a picture of Turner's to New York which my father had been commissioned to buy for Mr. Lenox. There used to be a story, which I daresay you have heard, of how Turner was one day showing some great man or other round his gallery, and Turner's father looked in through a half-open door and said, in a low voice, 'That 'ere's done,' and that Turner taking no *apparent* notice, but continuing to attend his visitor, the old man's head appeared again, after an interval of five or six minutes, and said, in a louder tone, 'That 'ere will be spiled.' I think Landseer used to tell this story as having happened when he and one of his many noble friends were going the round of Turner's gallery about the time that Turner's chop or steak was being cooked."

12. "6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
"*June 30th*, 1884.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

"After sending you that photograph of the *Téméraire*, it occurred to me to see if I could find out anything about the ship or her building in an old book I have (Charnock's 'Marine Architecture'), and I was surprised to find there, in a list of ships in our navy between the years 1700 and 1800, TWO ships of that name — one a seventy-four, taken from the French in 1759, the other a ninety-eight gun ship, built at Chatham in 1798. This made me look again at Mr. Thornbury's account of the ship and her title, and leads me to doubt three things he has stated: first, that the ship (if she was the French *Téméraire*) 'had no history in our navy before Trafalgar;' secondly, that 'she was taken at the battle of the Nile;' and, thirdly, that the *Téméraire* which fought at Trafalgar was French at all.

"The model we have here, and which has the name *Téméraire* carved upon her stern, is a ninety-eight gun ship, and would be the one built at Chatham in 1798. But what I

am driving at, and *the point* to which all this confusion leads, is, that after all, perhaps, dear old Turner was perfectly right in his first title for his picture of 'The Fighting *Téméraire*,' for if she was the old seventy-four gun ship (and in the engraving she looks like a two-decker) that he saw being towed to the ship-breaker's yard, she, having been in our navy for years, may have been distinguished among sailors from the other and newer *Témeraire* by that name; while it is significant (*if true*) that Turner, when he reluctantly gave up his title, said, 'Well, then, call her the *Old Téméraire*.'

13. "Thornbury's book, which I have not seen since it was published until I borrowed it a few days back, appears to me a sort of hashed-up life of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, with badly done bits of Turner floating about in it. I have copied the passage from it referring to the *Témeraire* upon a separate sheet, also the history of the capture of the *French Téméraire* from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"I have only now to add, in answer to your last and kindest of notes, that I read French in a bumbly sort of way, like a French yoke

of oxen dragging a load of stone uphill upon a cross road, but that my wife reads it easily.' Twice, dear Mr. Ruskin, you have said, 'Is it not strange you should have sent me something about Turner just as I was employing a French critic to write his life?' Now, I believe that nothing is really strange between those where on the one side there is perfect truth and honesty of purpose, and on the other faith in, and love and reverence for, that purpose.

"Forgive me if I have said too much; and believe me, yours faithfully and affectionately,

"ROBT. C. LESLIE."

14. EXTRACT FROM A LIST OF SHIPS IN OUR NAVY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1700 AND 1800.

"*Témeraire*, 1,685 tons, 74 guns, taken from the French, 1759.

"*Témeraire*, 2,121 tons, 98 guns, *built* at *Chatham*, 1798."

Charnock's "Marine Architecture" (1802).

"Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1759, Admiral Boscawen arrived at Spithead with His Majestie's

ships, *Namur*, etc., and the *Modeste* and *Téméraire*, prizes. The *Téméraire* is a fine seventy-four gun ship, forty-two-pounders below, eight fine brass guns abaft her main-mast, ten brass guns on her quarter, very little hurt."

Gentleman's Magazine, September, 1759.

HOW THE OLD *TÉMÉRAIRE* WAS TAKEN.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Boscawen to Mr. Cleveland, Secretary of the Admiralty, dated off Cape St. Vincent, August 20th, 1759:—

"I acquainted you in my last of my return to Gibraltar to refit. As soon as the ships were near ready, I ordered the *Lyme* and *Gibraltar* frigates, the first to cruise off Malaga, and the last from Estepona to Ceuta Point, to look out, and give me timely notice of the enemy's approach. On the 17th, at 8 P.M., the *Gibraltar* made the signal of their appearance, fourteen sail, on the Barbary shore. . . . I got under sail as fast as possible, and was out of the bay before 10 P.M., with fourteen sail of the line. At daylight I

saw the *Gibraltar*, and soon after seven sail of large ships lying to; but on our not answering their signals they made sail from us. We had a fresh gale, and came up with them fast till about noon, when it fell little wind. About half an hour past two some of the headmost ships began to engage, but I could not get up to the *Ocean* till near four. In about half an hour my ship the *Namur's* mizen-mast and both topsailyards were shot away; the enemy then made all the sail they could. I shifted my flag to the *Newark*, and soon after the *Centaur*, of seventy-four guns, struck.

15. "I pursued all night, and in the morning of the 19th saw only four sail of the line standing in for the land. . . . We were not above three miles from them, and not above five leagues from the shore, but very little wind. About nine the *Ocean* ran amongst the breakers, and the three others anchored. I sent the *Intrepid* and *America* to destroy the *Ocean*. Capt. Pratten, having anchored, could not get in; but Capt. Kirk performed that service alone. On his first firing at the *Ocean* she struck. Capt. Kirk sent his officers on board. M. de la Clue, having one leg broke,

and the other wounded, had been landed about half an hour; but they found the captain, M. La Comte, De Carne, and several officers and men on board; Capt. Kirk, after taking them out, finding it impossible to bring the ship off, set her on fire. Capt. Bentley, of the *Warspite*, was ordered against the *Téméraire*, of seventy-four guns, and brought her off with little damage, the officers and men all on board. At the same time, Vice-Admiral Broderick, with his division, burnt the *Redoubtable*, her officers and men having quitted her, being bulged; and brought the *Modest*, of sixty-four guns, off very little damaged. I have the pleasure to acquaint their Lordships, that most of His Majestie's ships under my command sailed better than those of the enemy." . . .

From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1759.

"I could not resist copying this letter in full.—R. L."

16. "I have just read the appendix to your 'Art of England,' and was particularly interested in the account of how you felt that

cold south-west wind up in Lancashire. This is the second, if not third season, that we have remarked them here in the south of England, though I think the south-westers of this spring were more bitter than usual. I told you, I believe, that my wife and I started away for Spain this April. Now, on all this journey, down the west coast of France, across the north of Spain, to Barcelona, in lat. 41 , and up through Central France again, I watched and noted day by day the same strange sky that we have with us, the same white sun, with that opaque sheet about him, or else covered by dark dull vapours, from which now and then something fell in unexpected drops, followed by still more unexpected clearing-ups. There were one or two days of intense sunshine, followed always by bad pale sunsets, and often accompanied by driving storms of wind and dust. But, returning to the cold south-westers, I don't suppose you care much for the why of them, even if I am right, which is, that I think we owe them to the very great and early break-up for the last year or two of the northern

ice,* which in the western ocean was met with before March this year, several steamers being in collision with it, while one report from Newfoundland spoke of an iceberg aground there I am afraid to say how many miles long and over a hundred feet high. Now, when I was young (I am fifty-eight), and a good deal upon that sea, it was always thought that there was no chance of falling in with ice earlier than quite the *end* of May, and this was exceptional, the months of July and August being the iceberg months. (I have seen a large one off the Banks in September.) This early arrival of the northern ice seems to show that the mild winters have extended up even into the Arctic Circle, and points to some real increase in the power or heat of the sun.†

"I have many things I should like to talk over with you, but fear that will never be, unless you are able to come some time and have a few days' rest and boating with me."

* Yes; but what makes the ice break up? I think the plague-wind blows every way, everywhere, all round the world.—J. R.

† I don't believe it a bit. I think the sun's going out.—J. R.

CHAPTER II.

17. MR. LESLIE'S notes on the *Téméraire* and her double have led to some farther correspondence respecting both this ship and Nelson's own, which must still take precedence of any connected with the early numbers of 'Præterita.'

"DEAREST MR. RUSKIN,

"Mr. W. Hale White, of the Admiralty, has, as you will see, written to me about the *Téméraires*, and I thought you ought to know what he has to say on the subject, especially that postscript to his note about placing some short history of the ship under Turner's picture. Also the fact of the old French ship being *sold* in the year 1784, when there could have been no tugs on the river, and when Turner was only nine years old, seems to settle the point as to which of the two ships it was, in favour of 'the English *Téméraire*.'

Still, as boyish impressions in a mind like Turner's must have been *very strong*, it is just possible that he may have seen the last of both ships when knocking about the Thames below London.

"In the *picture*, as I said before, the ship is a *two*-decker, and her having her spars and sails bent to the yards looks very like a time before steam, when a hulk without some kind of jury-rig would be almost useless, even to a ship-breaker, if he had to *move her* at all.

"Ever affectionately,
"ROBT. C. LESLIE."

18. "ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, S.W.,
"*20th November*, 1886.

"DEAR SIR,

"I see in Mr. Ruskin's 'Dilecta' a letter of yours about the *Témeraire*. Perhaps you will like to know the facts about the two vessels you name.

"The *Témeraire* taken by Admiral Boscawen from the French in 1759 was sold in June 1784.

"The *Témeraire* which Turner saw was

consequently the second *Téméraire*. She was fitted for a prison ship at Plymouth in 1812. In 1819 she became a receiving ship, and was sent to Sheerness. There she remained till she was sold in 1838.

"What Mr. Thornbury means by 'the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile' I do not know. I may add that it cannot be ascertained now, at any rate without prolonged search amongst documents in the Record Office, whether the second *Téméraire* was sold 'all standing,' that is to say, with masts and yards as painted; but it is very improbable, as she had been a receiving ship, that her masts and yards were in her when she left the service.

"Truly yours,

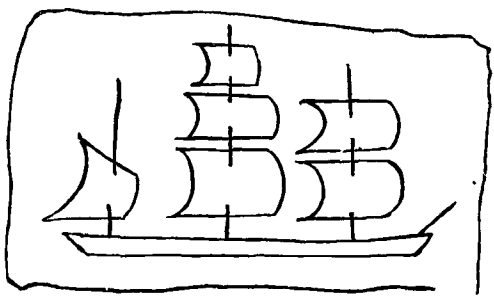
"W. HALE WHITE.

"R. C. Leslie, Esq.

"It seems to me a pity, considering the importance of the picture, that the truth about the subject of it should not somewhere be easily accessible to everybody who cares to know it — say upon the picture-frame. I would undertake to put down in tabular form

the principal points in the vessel's biography, if it were thought worth while."

I should at all events be most grateful if Mr. Hale White would furnish me with such abstract, as, whether used in the National Gallery or not, many people would like to have it put beneath the engraving.



19. In a subsequent note from Mr. Leslie about the pike fishing at Lord Egremont's, he gives me this little sketch of the way Turner rigged his ship for him with leaves torn out of his sketch book.

The following note, also from Mr. Leslie, with its cutting from *St. James's Gazette;* and the next one, for which I am extremely

grateful, on the words 'dickey' and 'deck,' bear further on Turner's meaning in the little black steamer which guides the funeral march of the line of battle ship,—and foretell the time now come when ships have neither masts, sails, nor decks, but are driven under water with their crews under hatches.

"DEAREST MR. RUSKIN,

"I have just finished 'The State of Denmark,' which is delightful, especially the story of the row of expectant little pigs. They are wonderful animals — our English elephant I think as to mental capacity. But they always have an interest to me above other edible live stock, in the way they make the best of life on shipboard; and when you can spare time to look at the enclosed little paper of mine, you will find that others have found their society cheerful.

"I have been reading all the old sea voyages I can get hold of lately, with a view to learn all I can about the way they handled their canvas in the days of sails (for my 'Sea-Wings'), and I come constantly across the pig on board ship in such books. For

some reason or other, sailors don't care to have parsons on board ship. This perhaps dates back to time of Jonah; and your passages in this 'Præterita,' in which you describe and dispose of the teaching of some modern ones, are quite perfect, and in your 'making short work' best style.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"ROBT. C. LESLIE."

20. "In smaller vessels, carrying no passengers, pigs and goats were seldom home-fed; but were turned loose to cater for themselves among the odds and ends in the waist or deck between the poop and forecastle. Some of the poultry, too, soon became tame enough to be allowed the run of this part of a ship; the ducks and geese finding a particular pleasure in paddling in the wash about the lee scuppers. Pigs have always proved a thriving stock on a ship-farm, and the one that pays the best. Some old skippers assert, indeed, that, like Madeira, pig is improved greatly by a voyage to India and back round the Cape; and that none but those who have tasted boiled leg of pork on board a homeward bound Indiaman

know much about the matter. But here also, as in so many other things, there was a drawback. Pigs are such cheerful creatures at sea that, as an old soft-hearted seaman once remarked, you get too partial towards them, and feel after dinner sometimes as though you had eaten an old messmate. Next to the pig the goat was the most useful stock on a sea-farm. This animal soon makes itself at home on shipboard; it has good sea-legs, and is blessed with an appetite that nothing in the shape of vegetable fibre comes amiss to, from an armful of shavings from the carpenter's berth to an old newspaper. Preserved milk was, of course, unknown in those times, and the officers of a large passenger-ship would rather have gone to sea without a doctor (to say nothing of a parson) than without a cow or some nanny-goats. Even on board a man-of-war the admiral or captain generally had at least one goat for his own use, while space was found for live stock for other ward-room officers. But model-farming and home-feeding was the rule then as now in a King's ship; and it is related that, on board one of these vessels, the first lieutenant ordered the ship's painter to

give the feet and bills of the admiral's geese that were stowed in coops upon the quarter-deck a coat of black once a week, so that the nautical eye might not be offended by any intrusion of colour not allowed in the service.

"The general absence of colour among real sea-fowl is very marked; and when, as it sometimes happened, a gay rooster escaped overboard after an exciting chase round the decks with Jemmy Ducks, and fluttered helplessly down upon the bosom of the sea, his glowing plumage looked strangely out of harmony with things as he sat drifting away upon the waste of waters."

22. "BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
"*Oct. 29th*, 1886.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I notice in the first chapter of 'Præterita' that you profess yourself unable to find out the derivation of the word 'dickey' as applied to the rumble of a carriage.

"At the risk of being the hundredth or so who has volunteered the information, I send you an extract from Dr. Brewer's 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable':—

"'Dickey.—The rumble behind a carriage; also a leather apron, a child's bib, and a false shirt or front. Dutch *dekken*, Germ. *decken*, Sax. *thecan*, Lat. *tego*, to cover.'

"I suppose that the word 'deck' has its derivation from the same source.

"Sincerely hoping that you may be speedily restored to health,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT E. COOKE."

23. The following extract from a letter written to his sister by a young surgeon on board the *Victory*, gives more interesting lights on Nelson's character than I caught from all Southey's Life of him :—

"On my coming on board I found that the recommendation which my former services in the Navy had procured for me from several friends, had conciliated towards me the good opinion of his lordship and his officers, and I immediately became one of the family. It may amuse you, my dear sister, to read the brief journal of a day such as we here pass it at

sea in this fine climate and in these smooth seas, on board one of the largest ships in the Navy, as she mounts 110 guns, one of which, carrying a 24lb. shot, occupies a very distinguished station in my apartment.

"Jan. 12.—Off the Straits of Bonifacio, a narrow arm of the sea between Corsica and Sardinia.—We have been baffled in our progress towards the rendezvous of the squadron at the Madeline Islands for some days past by variable and contrary winds, but we expect to arrive at our destination to-night or to-morrow morning. To resume, my dear sister, the journal of a day. At 6 o'clock my servant brings a light and informs me of the hour, wind, weather, and course of the ship, when I immediately dress and generally repair to the deck, the dawn of day at this season and latitude being apparent at about half or three-quarters of an hour past six. Breakfast is announced in the Admiral's cabin, where Lord Nelson,—Rear-Admiral Murray, the Captain of the Fleet,—Captain Hardy, Commander of the *Victory*, the chaplain, secretary, one or two officers of the ship, and your humble servant, assemble and breakfast on tea, hot

rolls, toast, cold tongue, etc., which when finished we repair upon deck to enjoy the majestic sight of the rising sun (scarcely ever obscured by clouds in this fine climate) surmounting the smooth and placid waves of the Mediterranean which supports the lofty and tremendous bulwarks of Britain, following in regular train their Admiral in the *Victory*. Between the hours of seven and two there is plenty of time for business, study, writing, and exercise, which different occupations, together with that of occasionally visiting the hospital of the ship when required by the surgeon, I endeavour to vary in such a manner as to afford me sufficient employment. At two o'clock a band of music plays till within a quarter of three, when the drum beats the tune called 'The Roast Beef of Old England' to announce the Admiral's dinner, which is served up exactly at three o'clock, and which generally consists of three courses and a dessert of the choicest fruit, together with three or four of the best wines, champagne and claret not excepted; and—what exceeds the relish of the best viands and most exquisite wines,—if a person does not feel himself

perfectly at his ease it must be his own fault, such is the urbanity and hospitality which reign here, notwithstanding the numerous titles, the four orders of knighthood, worn by Lord Nelson, and the well-earned laurels which he has acquired. Coffee and liqueurs close the dinner about half-past four or five o'clock, after which the company generally walk the deck, where the band of music plays for near an hour. At six o'clock tea is announced, when the company again assemble in the Admiral's cabin, where tea is served up before seven o'clock, and, as we are inclined, the party continue to converse with his lordship, who at this time generally unbends himself, though he is at all times as free from stiffness and pomp as a regard to proper dignity will admit, and is very communicative. At eight o'clock a rummer of punch with cake or biscuit is served up, soon after which we wish the Admiral a good night (who is generally in bed before nine o'clock). For my own part, not having been accustomed to go to bed quite so early, I generally read an hour, or spend one with the officers of the ship, several of whom are old acquaintances,

or to whom I have been known by character. Such, my dear sister, is the journal of a day at sea in fine or at least moderate weather, in which this floating castle goes through the water with the greatest imaginable steadiness, and I have not yet been long enough on board to experience bad weather."

24. I must find room for a word or two more of Mr. Leslie's, for the old floating castles as against steam; and then pass to matters more personal to me.

"MOIRA PLACE, *Sept. 20th*, 1886.

"I believe that the whole of the present depression in what is called trade is entirely due to the exaggerated estimate of the economy of steam, especially when applied to the production of real wealth upon the land; also to the idea that the wealth of the world is in any way increased by making a lawn tennis court of it, the world, and knocking goods to and fro as fast as possible across it by steam. No doubt I shall be told that I am quite out of my depth in this matter, and that France (a really self-supporting country) is at least five hundred

years behind the times. I won't apologize for sending you enclosed, which, for the animal's sake alone, I fear is true. The cutting is from the *Times* of the 18th:—

"A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* affirms that, from a comparison of animal and steam power, the former is the cheaper power in France, whatever may be the case in other countries. In the conversion of chemical to mechanical energy, 90 per cent. is lost in the machine, against 68 in the animal. M. Sanson, the writer above referred to, finds that the steam horse-power, contrary to what is generally believed, is often materially exceeded by the horse. The cost of traction on the Mount Parnasse-Bastille line of railway he found to be for each car, daily, 57 f., while the same work done by the horse cost only 47 f.; and he believes that for moderate powers the conversion of chemical into mechanical energy is more economically effected through animals than through steam engines."

25. The following two letters from Turner to Mr. W. E. Cooke, which I find among various papers relating to his work given

to me at various times, are of great interest in showing the number of points Turner used to take into consideration before determining on anything, and his strict sense of duty and courtesy. The blank line, of which we are left to conjecture the meaning, is much longer in the real letter :—

"*Wednesday morning.*

"DEAR SIR,

"I have taken the earliest opportunity to return you the touched proof and corrected St. Michael's Mount. I lament that your brother could not forward the Poole, or Mr. Bulmer the proof sheets, for if the two cannot be sent so as to arrive here before *Tuesday next*, I shall be upon the wing for London again, where I hope to be in about a fortnight from this time; therefore, you'll judge how practicable you can make the sending the parcel in time, or waiting until I get to Queen Ann Street, N.W. Your number coming out on the 10th of December I think impossible; but to this I offer only an opinion (what difference would it make if the two numbers of the Coast, Daniel's and yours,

came out on the same day?). All I can say, I'll not hinder you, if I can avoid it, one moment. Therefore employ Mr. Pye if you think proper, but, as you know, there should be some objection on my part as to co-operation with him without————; yet to forego the assistance of his abilities for any feeling of mine is by no means proper to the majority of subscribers to the work.

"Yours most truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"P.S.—I am not surprised at Mr. Ellis writing such a note about his signature. Be so good as put the enclosed into the Two-penny Post Box. The book which I now send be kind enough to keep for me until I return, and expect it to be useful in the descriptions of Cornwall."

26. "*Thursday Eg. Decr.* 16, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,

"From your letter of this morning I expected the pleasure of seeing you, but being disappointed, I feel the necessity of requesting you will, under the peculiar case in which the

MSS. of St. Michael and Poole are placed, desire Mr. Coombe to deviate wholly from them; and if he has introduced anything which seems to approximate, to be so good as to remove the same, as any likeness in the descriptions (though highly complimentary to my endeavours) must compel me to claim them — by an immediate appeal as to their originality. Moreover, as I now shall not charge or will receive any remuneration whatever for them, they are consequently at my disposal, and ultimately subject only to my use — in vindication; never do I hope they will be called upon to appear, but if ever offer'd that they will be looked upon with liberality and candour, and not considered in any way detrimental to the interests of the Proprietors of the Southern Coast work.

"Have the goodness to return the corrected proof of St. Michael, which I sent from Yorkshire with the MS. of Poole; and desire Mr. Bulmer either to send me all the proof sheets, or in your seeing them destroyed you will much oblige

"Yours most truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

27. I find in my father's diary of the journey of 1833 some notes on the state of Basle city and its environs at the time of our passing through them, which are extremely interesting to me in their coolness, especially in connection with the general caution which influenced my father in all other kinds of danger. No man could be more prudent in guarding against ordinary chances of harm, and in what may be shortly expressed as looking to the girths of life. But here he is travelling with his wife and son through a district in dispute between not only military forces but political factions, without appearing for an instant to have contemplated changing his route, or felt the slightest uneasiness in passing through the area of most active warfare. My mother seems to have been exactly of the same mind,—which is more curious still, for indeed I never once saw the expression of fear on my father's face, through all his life, at anything; but my mother was easily frightened if postillions drove too fast, or the carriage leaned threateningly aside; while here she passes through the midst of bands of angry and armed villagers without a word of objection.

28. "Baden (Swiss Baden, 5th August, 1833).—We heard here of the Basle people fighting with peasantry and burning their villages; and of a battle betwixt Liechstal and Basle soldiers on Saturday; the latter were driven into the town; 80 killed and 400 prisoners. We came to Stein to dine; a single house on the borders of the Rhine, commanding a beautiful view of that river and plains beyond it, and Black Forest in the distance. We had eighteen miles to go to Basle, but, hearing Swiss gates were shut, we crossed into Baden state at Rheinfeld, where there are some very old buildings and two wooden bridges; the river rolls like a troubled sea. Coming towards Basle we saw soldiers with several large brass cannon, in a field which the peasants were ploughing, on an eminence commanding the road. We arrived at 7 o'clock at Three Kings, Basle, and early next morning I walked to cathedral; found many of the first houses with windows entirely closed, in mourning for officers lost in battle of Saturday; and a report prevailed of there being a plot to admit the peasantry into the town to

fire it in the night. The people were much alarmed.

29. "Tuesday, 6th August, we left by a gate just opened to let us pass, being sent from another gate we tried, and which we saw, after we got out, had its drawbridge entirely cut away. The guns were placed with twigs and basketwork in embrasures, soldiers stood on the walls ready, and looking out over the country with glasses. The road lay through Liechstal, where the strife was. It is a fine road, as the best in England, generally much frequented, and the country is beautiful and rich in cultivation; but on twenty-seven miles of this fine road we met neither carriage, diligence, gig, nor waggon. The land seemed deserted, only a peasant occasionally in the fields. We soon met a small band of armed peasants in the act of stopping a small market-cart which had preceded us. The man, when released, went quickly off. They let us pass. We then met two bands of armed peasants, very Irish-like in costume, and having guns swung behind or in their hands, about fifteen or twenty in each body,—part, we suppose, of the Liberals

who had defeated the Tories of Basle.* They looked, and lifted their hats, and said nothing to us. Approaching Liechstal, we met a Swiss car with eight or ten gentlemen in plain clothes, well armed; also cars filled with armed peasants, and a few soldiers at their side. We entered Liechstal, and found every street barricaded breast high with pine logs, except at entrance, where an opening was left just wide enough for cart or carriage, and a gate at the other end. These gentlemen, I was afterwards told, were Polish refugees, who served the artillery of the peasantry against the Basle people, who had refused to shelter them, whilst the Liechstal people had received them kindly."

30. And so all notice of states of siege, whether at Liechstal or anywhere else, ends in my father's diary; and he continues in perfect tranquillity to give account of his notes on the roads, inns, and agriculture of Switzerland.

* Papa cannot bring himself to think of anybody in Irish-like costume as Conservative. It was Basle that was liberally and Protestantially endeavouring to make the men of Liechstal abjure their Catholic errors.

Of which, however, the reader will, I think, have pleasure in seeing some further passages, representing, not through any gilded mists of memory, but with mercantile precision of entering day by day, the aspect of Switzerland at the time when we first saw it, half a century ago.

"18th July. We left Berne early, and went eighteen miles to Thun. The road is one of the best possible, beginning through an avenue of trees, large and fine, and proceeding to Thun through fields of amazing beauty, bordered with fruit trees; the corn sometimes bordering the road without enclosure. The cottages, houses, farms, inns, all the way, each and all remarkable for neatness, largeness, and beauty. We left our carriage at the Freyenhof Inn, and took boat, three hours' rowing, to Neuhaus, then one league in char-à-banc; through Unterseen to Interlachen, a sweet watering-place sort of a village, with one hotel and many very elegant boarding-houses, where persons stop to take excursions to neighbouring hills. We took boat down lake Brienz as far as waterfall of Giesbach, the finest fall next to those of

Rhine I have yet seen; but the best thing was the Swiss family in the small inn up the hill opposite to the fall. The old man, his son, and two daughters, sung Swiss songs in the sweetest and most affecting manner, infinitely finer than opera singing, because true alike to Nature and to music;* no grimace nor affectation, nor strained efforts to produce effect. The tunes were well chosen, and the whole very delightful; more so than any singing I remember. We returned to Interlachen, where the Justice condemned Salvador to pay twelve francs for a carriage not used, which he had hired to go to the Staubbach. Next morning we returned by water to Thun to breakfast, and again to Berne, where we had very nice rooms, with fine prospect.

31. "The portico walks in almost every street in Berne are very convenient for rain or sun: it is in this like Chester, though the one appearing a very new town, and the other very old. We left Berne 22nd July

* I shall make this sentence the text of what I have to say, when I have made a few more experiments in our schools here, of the use of music in peasant education.

by a narrow but not bad road through Summiswald; dined at Hutwyl; slept at Sursee, in the Catholic canton of Lucerne. The hill and dale country we passed through to the very end of the Berne canton was a scene of unequalled loveliness out of this canton. The face of the country was varied, but the richness of cultivation the same, and the houses so large, and yet so neat and comfortable. This is, indeed, a country for which a man might sigh, and almost die, of regret, to be exiled from. I have seen nothing at all approaching to it in the neatest parts of England. The town of Berne is equally remarkable for good though not lofty buildings, and for cleanliness and neatness. The street-sweepers were women; and I never saw a city or town so beautifully kept. I walked up many back streets and lanes, all in the most perfect order; and the country seen from the cathedral terrace and ramparts is just suited to such a town. There is no formed, squared, or trimmed neatness, but every field, and hedge, and tree, and garden, seem to be tended and kept in the finest state possible. The variety of scenery on

the grandest scale,—the snowy Alps, the lower Alps, the woods on undulating grounds, or sloping down from the mountain tops; the fine river passing round the town; the rich cornfields, meadows, and fruit trees, abounding over all; nature doing so much, and man just bestowing the care and culture required, and applying art only where it seems to improve nature.

32. "If any country on earth can be deemed perfect as far as nature and art can make it, the canton of Berne is that country. The farm houses are each a picture, and the peasantry are as beautiful and healthy as the country. They express contentment. Their costume is handsome, excepting the black, stiff, whalebone-lace ears of immense size from the women's heads; when they wear black lace over their heads partially, the rest of their dress is extremely becoming. On Wednesday, July 17th, we rode to Hofwyl Farm, Mr. Fellenberg's Institution, combining a large fine boarding-house for eighty to ninety young gentlemen of fortune, where all branches of education are taught, and agriculture added if they

choose; and a school for poor boys and girls, and for masters of country schools to learn.

"Some Russian princes have attended the boarding school. The expense, about three thousand francs yearly. Everything is made on the farm—bread, butter, clothes, shoes, etc. There are from two hundred and eighty to three hundred acres of land in cultivation, lying in a sort of basin sloping gently away from house towards a piece of water. It is impossible to conceive anything so beautiful for a farm as this. There being four hundred people about it there is no want of labour; and added to the usual Swiss neatness, there is the completeness of an amateur farmer possessing ample means. There were fifty-four milk cows kept on hay and potatoes under cover. (The want of cattle in the field is always a drawback to a foreign landscape.) The oxen very handsome. The system of farming same as Scotch, only one new product seen by a Scotch amateur whom we met. Italian rye grass, very fine. The poorer young men cutting hay, all very happy. The work-shops, the washing-houses, the outhouses all

very perfect, but in implements or machinery nothing new. It was the beauty of the situation on a fine day, and the fulness and apparent comfort, that struck the observer particularly."

CHAPTER III.

33. I MUST leave the chronology of 'Dilecta' to be arranged by its final index, for the choice of the letters printed in the course of it must depend more on topic than date; and, besides, it will be needful sometimes to let it supply the place of my ceased 'Fors,' and answer in the parts of it under my hand, any questions that occur in an irritating manner to the readers of 'Præterita.'

For instance, my morning post-bag has been lately filled with reproaches, or anxious advice, from pious persons of Evangelical persuasion, who accuse me of speaking of their faith thoughtlessly, or without sufficient knowledge. Whereas there is probably no European writer now dealing with the history of Christianity, who is either by hereditary ties more closely connected, or by personal enquiry more variously familiar,

with the characteristic and vitally earnest bodies of the Puritan Church.

34. The following letter from her uncle to Mrs. Arthur Severn,—(for whose sake the complexities of our ancient and ramifying cousinships have long since been generalized into the brief family name for me, the Coz,) —contains, with as much added genealogy as the most patient reader will be likely to ask for, evidence of the position held by my great grandfather among the persecuted Scottish Puritans.

"1, CAMBRIDGE STREET, HYDE PARK, W.
"*August 25th*, 1885.

"MY DEAR JOANNA,

"The only thing that I can think of that has historical interest for the Coz, in connection with his father's relations, is that his great grandfather, the Rev. W. Tweddale, of Glenluce, had in his possession during his ministry the National Covenant of the Scotch Covenanters. It was given to him by his aunt, who received it from Baillie of Jarviswood, who was suspected of having it in his possession, and was executed. I

suppose it was given to my grandfather's aunt, because, being a lady, it would be assumed that she would not be suspected of having it.

"My father was left an orphan when ten years of age, and when he became of age, the trustees had parted with the 'Covenant'; at all events, he could not trace it. However, he then inherited his parental property, 'Glenlaggan,' which is rather a picturesque place situated between New Galloway and Castle Douglas, in the county of Kirkcudbright. When his uncle, Dr. Adair, died, he left him £10,000. He then sold Glenlaggan to enable him to buy a larger estate in Wigtownshire. In this he made a mistake, for it was during the war in the time of the first Napoleon, when land was very dear; and when the peace came it became very cheap, and fearing complete ruin, he sold at an immense loss; but this latter part of my father's history is not worth recording.

"The 'National Covenant' is now in the Glasgow museum. Perhaps these particulars may be interesting to the Coz, who,

I hope, is progressing favourably towards recovery.

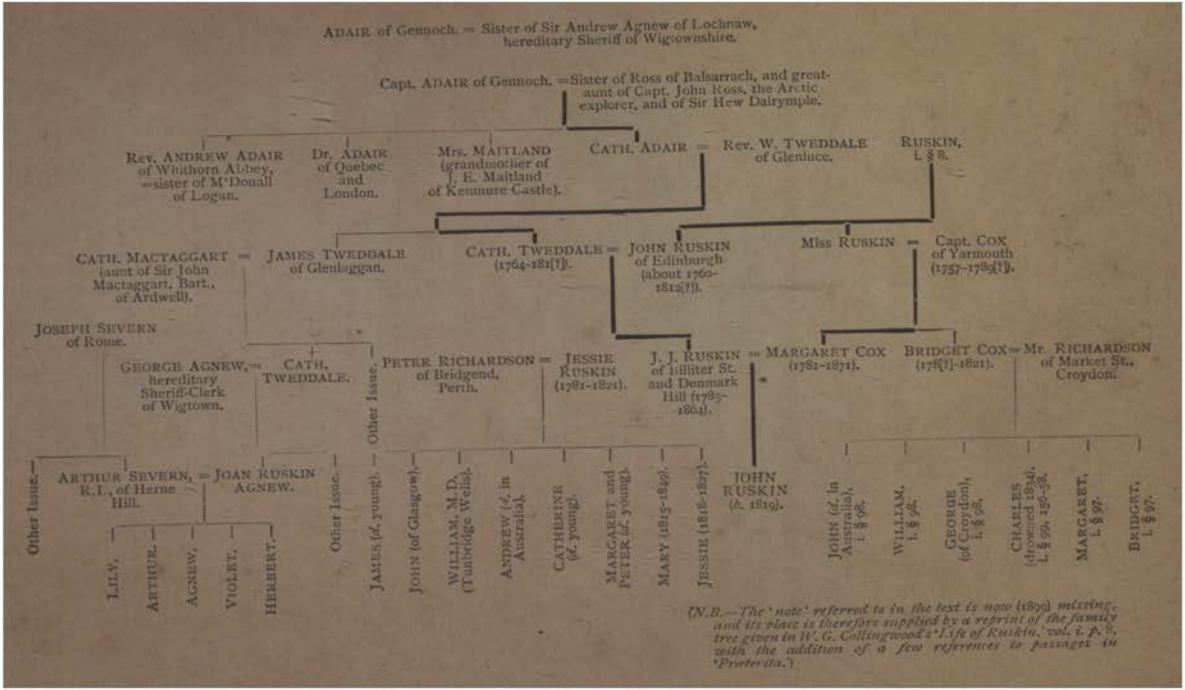
"With kind love,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"J. R. (John Ruskin) TWEDDALE."

"The accompanying note" (on next page) "contains the particulars of the relationship that exists between our family and the Professor. My father's sister was his grandmother, and mother to the late Mr. Ruskin; so that my father was full uncle to the late Mr. Ruskin, and grand uncle to the Professor. The father of the Professor's grandmother was minister of Glenluce, but that is a long time back, for if my father had been living, he would have been *one hundred and seventeen* years old.

"The Rev. J. Garlies Maitland's son was the late Rev. Dr. James Maitland, minister of New Galloway, and husband of the heiress of Kenmure, by his second marriage with the eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Bellamy Gordon, whose son now inherits that property. Dr. Maitland was, some years before his death, Moderator of the


ADAIR of Gennoch. = Sister of Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, hereditary Sheriff of Wigtownshire.
Capt. ADAIR of Gennoch. = Sister of Ross of Balsarrach, and great-aunt of Capt. John Ross, the Arctic explorer, and of Sir Hew Dalrymple.
Rev. ANDREW ADAIR of Whithorn Abbey, = sister of M'Donall of Logan.
Dr. ADAIR of Quebec and London.
Mrs. MAITLAND (grandmother of J. E. Maitland of Kenmure Castle).
CATH. ADAIR = Rev. W. TWEDDALE of Glenluce.
RUSKIN, i. § 8.
CATH. MACTAGGART = (aunt of Sir John Mactaggart, Bart., of Ardwell).
JAMES TWEDDALE of Glenlaggan.
CATH. TWEDDALE (1764-181[7]).
JOHN RUSKIN of Edinburgh (about 1760-1812(?)).
Miss RUSKIN = Capt. COX of Yarmouth (1757-178[7]).
JOSEPH SEVERN of Rome.
GEORGE AGNEW, = hereditary Sheriff-Clerk of Wigtown.
CATH. TWEDDALE.
Other issue.
PETER RICHARDSON = of Bridgend, Perth.
JESSIE RUSKIN (1781-1821).
J. J. RUSKIN = of Billiter St. and Denmark Hill (1785-1864).
MARGARET COX (1781-1871).
BRIDGET COX = (178[7]-1821).
Mr. RICHARDSON of Market St., Croydon.
Other issue.
ARTHUR SEVERN, = R.I., of Herne Hill.
JOAN RUSKIN AGNEW.
LILY.
ARTHUR.
AGNEW.
VIOLET.
HERBERT.
Other issue.
JAMES (d. young).
JOHN (of Glasgow).
WILLIAM, M.D. (Tunbridge Wells).
ANDREW (d. in Australia).
CATHERINE (d. young).
MARGARET and PETER (d. young).
MARY (1815-1849).
JESSIE (1816-1827).
JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).
JOHN (d. in Australia), i. § 98.
WILLIAM, i. § 98.
GEORGE (of Croydon), i. § 98.
CHARLES (drowned 1834), i. § 99, 128-38.
MARGARET, i. § 97.
BRIDGET, i. § 97.

(N.B.—The 'note' referred to in the text is now (1899) missing, and its place is therefore supplied by a reprint of the family tree given in W. G. Collingwood's 'Life of Ruskin,' vol. i. p. 8, with the addition of a few references to passages in 'Præterita.')

General Assembly, and was otherwise a man of mark."

35. As for my own knowledge of the Evangelical character and doctrine, what I have related already of my mother, my Scottish aunt, and her servant Mause, ought to have been guarantee enough to attentive persons; the inattentive I would beg at least not to trouble me with letters till the sequels of "Præterita" and "Dilecta" are in their hands.

36. For the present I return to the documents in my possession respecting Turner; of which the following, signed by Turner the day after I was born, must, I think, take priority in point of date, and has this much of peculiar interest in it, that the drawings of which it disposes the destiny with so much care, were never made. Turner's intention that they should be all of equal value is prettily intimated by his submitting the decision of his property in them to cast of lots.

37. "Agreement between J. M. W. Turner, Esq., W. B. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, February the Ninth, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Nineteen.

"Mr. Turner agrees to make Thirty Six Drawings on the Rhine, between Cologne and Mayence, at the Price of Seventeen Guineas each Drawing.—The first Two Drawings to be made in advance, which are to be paid out of the Profits of the Work.—The Second Two Drawings to be paid by W. B. Cooke in June 1819, and the rest to be paid on delivery.

"It is agreed that none of the Drawings shall be sold for less than Thirty-four Guineas each under the Penalty of One Hundred Guineas. Mr. Turner to be paid Two Pounds on the Sale of every Five Hundred Numbers: The Plates to be estimated at Fifty Guineas each — they are to be the Size of Eleven Inches and a half by Eight Inches and a Quarter.

"The Work to be divided as follows,—Mr Turner to hold one Eighth Share, W. B. Cooke to hold Five Eighths of the Work, T. C. Allen to hold Two Eighths. The Work to pay its Expenses by its returns before any Dividend is made between the Parties.

"Mr. Turner to have a best Copy of the Work, with Etchings.

"A Settlement for all Numbers and Copies sold, to be made at regular half Yearly periods within a Week after Mr. Murray settles his half Yearly Accounts on the Work.

"When Seven Drawings are made for the Work, Mr. Turner to have one of them by casting lots. When the second Seven are made, a like casting of Lots to take Place for one of them. The Third Seven the same. The fourth Seven the same, and Mr. Turner to have the casting of lots for one out of the remaining Eight.

"No other Engraver to be employed in the Work than W. B. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, without the Consent of Mr. Turner. It is agreed that three Numbers containing Two Plates each shall be published in a Year, and that the Proofs shall be printed in Imperial Folio. The Prints in Quarto Grand Eagle French Paper. The first Number, which is to contain Two Plates, to be published during the Year 1819.

"JOS. MALLORD W. TURNER.
"W. B. COOKE.
"J. C. ALLEN."

38. Next to this piece of shrewd business, I have great delight in giving an exhaustive delineation of Turner's character, written by an able phrenologist and physiognomist from the cast of his head taken after death. No one person was ever intimately enough acquainted with him to form such estimate by experience, so that the document bears internal evidence of its honesty :—

"He is of the motive mental temperament, and is of an earnest, industrious disposition. He possesses great activity and energy, and works with both mind and body at the same time. He would not give up until he had accomplished his object, especially if principle or if right and justice were at stake.

"According to the development indicated, he must have been compelled to cut out a road of his own. He has developed a character peculiar to himself, his individuality is very marked.

"He inherited a sound constitution, is tough and wiry, and has long life in him. This gives him promptness of action, determination of purpose, firmness and resolution in all his undertakings.

'He is a man who will not use half measures; he works to the full extent of his powers, and is resolved to surmount all obstacles and remove all difficulties that may be in his path.

39. "He is ever ready to defend friends, or to oppose enemies; so far as his physical organization is concerned, he is very fervently constituted, and has not suffered much except from the strain imposed upon himself by overwork. There is not an idle bone in his whole organization. A man with his development cannot possibly have led an idle life, or have indulged himself much in luxury and ease. His life cannot have been a life of holidays. If there is work to do, it must be done, in his opinion, without any faltering or hesitancy.

"He is descended from an old-fashioned family that care more for the useful and real than for the merely ornamental or theoretical.

"He has a large social brain, which gives him an ardent and loving nature. He forms strong attachments to those around him; to his wife, to his children, and friends.

40. "He is most constant in his friendship, and faithful in fulfilling his promises. Once

a friend, always a friend, in his case. Friends he will defend to the uttermost of his powers. He is willing to do anything which would render them assistance; but once deceived by a friend, although he bears no malice, he shakes him off for ever, and will have no further dealings with him.

"His love of home, which is fully developed, gives him a patriotic spirit; and as his veracity, force of character, and executiveness are large, he is ready to defend his country and his homestead should defence be required.

"He cannot bear abrupt changes, and although he would travel, if it were necessary to further his studies, and enable him to gain certain information, he will return with feelings of delight to his old home and old friends.

"He is a man who cannot adapt himself to new ways and fashions.

"He is rather impatient with slow people, and especially with idle ones.

"Opposition only serves to call his talents and powers into activity, and the more opposed he is, the more determined he becomes to have his own way.

"His word is his bond; he is reliable and trustworthy in all things.

41. "There are two directly opposite elements in his character; the one contradicts the other. His large acquisitiveness leads him to acquire and to accumulate, to have things of his own, to look out for a rainy day, and store up for the future.

"Yet when help is required, his large benevolence urges him to do all in his power to assist those in need. He requires, however, a complete explanation before he will give his support, and a cause must be a good one to receive support from him. Once convinced of the truth of a cause, he is most earnest in its advocacy.

"He is cautious in his plans and undertakings; slow to decide, but once his plans are formed, quick in carrying them out. If he fails the first time, he tries again until he has attained his object, or accomplished his task. Conquer he must.

"He does not aim after self-glorification, but for the benefit of others; and is prompted not so much by selfish motives as by a desire to raise and elevate his fellow men. Having

large veneration, he must be an earnest worker in a religious cause.

42. "Hope appears so largely developed, that it will stimulate him to undertake tasks which few men have the courage to take in hand. Hope, it may be said, carries him through life. Hope has enabled him to go on when the difficulties in his path appeared well-nigh insurmountable.

"He must have had many struggles, battles, and difficulties to encounter, else he could never have attained his present development. He would never allow himself to be beaten, and having large hope, he clings tenaciously to life.

"He never overrates his talents; he is rather inclined to underrate them. He has been unassuming, unpretentious, and undemonstrative. In the social circle he is quite the reverse of what he is when working in opposition. Among homely people he is social and agreeable, but once roused, he becomes very severe and determined.

* This is a very interesting piece of penetrative science. Turner's chief mental emotion was always striving to express itself in the broken poem which he called the 'Fallacies of Hope.'

"He cannot tolerate nonsense or foolishness, and must out with the facts and realities of life. Although he enjoys a hearty laugh and joke, they must be caused by genuine wit.

43. "Having a nude head in the front, he is constructive and skilful; can plan, arrange, and invent. He is more of a utilitarian than a poet. Yet he loves the beautiful and sublime in nature, the pure and refined.

"Having remarkably large observant powers, he is keen of discernment, and quick in noticing details. Very few things escape his eyes. He is most practical, methodical, and regular. It is not everybody who can please him.

"He can judge of distances, proportions, lengths, breadths, etc., by the eye. He likes a place for everything, and everything in the right place; a time for everything, and everything purposed to time.

"His calculating powers are large; he will not enter into rash undertakings; he can generally see right ahead, and is therefore successful in his undertakings.

"His memory is good for incidents, events, etc., and he would make a good descriptive speaker. As a speaker, he would be to the

point, and easily understood. If success depends upon work, he must be a successful man, for he has a hardworking element in him that will never allow him to remain idle.

"Having large causality, comparison, intuition, he is an excellent reasoner, and is subtle in a debate. If his talents have been directed into the right channel, he must have made his mark, and have accomplished a marvellous work, to the astonishment of all beholders, either in a mercantile or professional sphere of labour. Men of his tribe are very rare nowadays.

"GUSTAVUS COHENS."

44. Next to this mental chart of him, I place a sketch from the life, written for me by my mother's friend, named in 'Præterita,' vol. ii., § 203, Mrs. John Simon:—

"In the spring of the year 1843, I went to Plymouth, and remained until Midsummer; when, on a certain day of June, it was arranged that I should return to London viâ Southampton; I being then very fond of the sea. John (to whom I was not then married)

was to meet me at Southampton, and see me home.

"Accordingly, on the day fixed, I was duly ready, my boxes packed, and I, chatting with my hostess, Mrs. Snow Harris, and her daughters, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Harris, who was (as we fondly believed) securing my berth, and coming to fetch me to the boat. Time passed on,—no Mr. H.! At last at half-past one he appeared.

"'Oh, papa, how late you are; Miss ——- will lose the boat!'

"'She *has* lost it,' (in Devon accent, and with a loud laugh.)

"Miss ——. 'Oh! Mr. Harris.'

"'Yes, it's blowing up for such a storm as we haven't had for long, and I'm not going to let you go up Channel to-night. Why, the boats in Catwater are bouncing about already.'

"'But the boat's gone,—the Captain,—the other passengers,——oh, you *should* have let me go!'

"'No, no, I shouldn't, and I wouldn't.'

"'But I *must* go somehow. I can't let my friends' (admire the plural!) 'come to

Southampton for nothing!' (Now be it remembered, that in those days was no electric telegraph, the mails were closed and just starting, and the Great Western Railway itself only finished as far as Beam Bridge, a small outlying station.) 'I must go. So please send to tell the coach to come for me.'

"And I had my way. Just saved the coach, which started at 2 p.m., with strong injunctions from Mrs. H. *not* to get out at Exeter, as it might there become crowded.

45. "I had had nothing since eight o'clock breakfast. The coachman was charged to stop and get me buns; he promised, but did not. The guard was charged to be most careful of me; he promised, and *was*.

"As we drove on to Exeter, the hitherto bright, breezy day began to justify Mr. Harris, as it was pretty sure to do, he being *the* great electrician, as well as a first-rate sailor and judge of the weather. (He is well known as Sir W. Snow Harris, the inventor of the conductors which are the safeguards of our ships from lightning.) The clouds gathered, distant low whistlings of wind came from all around, and in a

threatening evening, at eight, we reached Exeter; and waited for an hour. I had thus far been alone, and keeping in view Mrs. H.'s advice, stuck firmly to my place, resisting all the blandishments of waiter and chamber-maid, and continuing fasting, but in good heart, and not at all hungry.

46. "Some gentlemen got up outside and one young man inside. Of this I could say something which might amuse you, but it has nothing to do with the main point, so I pass it over. The weather after Exeter got worse and worse;—the wind began to bluster, the lightning changed from summer gleams to spiteful forks, and the roll of thunder was almost continuous; and by the time we reached Beam Bridge the storm was at such terrible purpose, that the faithful guard wrapped me up in his waterproof and lifted me, literally, into the shed which served as a station. In like manner, when the train was ready, he lifted me high and dry into a first-class carriage, in which were two elderly, cosy, friendly-looking gentlemen, evidently fellows in friendship as well as in travel. The old Great Western carriages were double, held

eight persons, four in each compartment, and there was a glass door between; which was on this occasion left open. One old gentleman sate with his face to the horses (so to speak) on my side, and one in the inside corner, opposite to me exactly. When I had taken off my cloak and smoothed my plumes, and generally settled myself, I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, luminously, clairvoyantly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. I looked at him, wondering if my grandfather's eyes had been like those. I should have described them as the most 'seeing' eyes I had ever seen. My father had often spoken of my grandfather's eyes, as being capable of making a hundred ugly faces handsome; and the peasants used to say, 'Divil a sowl could tell a lie to his Riverence's Worship's *eyes*.' (He was a magistrate as well as a parson.) My opposite neighbour's seemed much of this sort.

47. Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more, until we reached Bristol;

to wait ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain; attacked the centre window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain! A moment's hesitation, and then:

"'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'

"'Oh no, not at all?'

"'You may be drenched, you know.

"'Never mind, sir.'

"Immediately, down goes the window, out go the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and there they stay for I suppose nearly nine minutes. Then he drew them in, and I said:

"'Oh please let me look.'

"'Now you *will* be drenched;' but he half opened the window for me to see. Such a sight, such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises, I never saw or heard, or expect to see or hear. He drew up the window as we moved on, and then leant back with closed eyes for I dare say ten minutes, then opened them and said:

"'Well?'

"I said, 'I've been "drenched," but it's worth it.'

"He nodded and smiled, and again took to his steady but quite inoffensive perusing of my face, and presently said it was a bad night for one so young and alone. He had not seen me at Exeter.

"'No, I got in at Plymouth.'

"'Plymouth!!'

"'Yes.' I then said I could only save my friends trouble and anxiety by travelling up that night, and told simply the how it came to pass. Then, except a little joke when we were going through a long tunnel (*then* the terror of "elegant females"), silence until Swindon, but always the speculative, steady look. There we all got out and I got some tea and biscuits. When we were getting in (the storm by then over,) they asked me if I had got some refreshment, and when I said tea, my friend with the eyes said:

"'Tea! poor stuff; you should have had soup.'

"I said tea was more refreshing, as I had not had anything since eight the previous morning. We all laughed, and I found the

two cosy friends had had something more 'comfortable' than tea, and speedily fell into slumber, while I watched the dawn and oncoming brightness of one of the loveliest June mornings that have ever visited the earth.

48. "At six o'clock we steamed into Paddington station, and I had signalled a porter before my friends roused themselves. They were very kind,—could they do anything to help me?—where had I to go to? 'Hammersmith: that was a long drive.' Then they took off their hats, and went off arm in arm.

"I reached North End, where Georgie* now lives, as I hoped I should, *just* as our baker was opening his shop at seven o'clock; wrote on rough baker's bill-paper a note to John, and sent it off by the baker's boy on the cab, begging John to let my sister know; and then leaving my luggage at the baker's, walked on the short way to our dear friend's house, where I knew my mother had had no sleep for the storm and thinking Jane was in it at sea. 'Jane, how d'ye do?' to the

* Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones.

astonished servant, and walked straight up to mamma's room, opened the door, to meet, as I expected, her wide-open, anxious, patient eyes, and to hear '*Jane!*—Oh, thank God!'

49. "The next year, I think, going to the Academy, I turned at once, as I always did, to see what Turners there were.

"Imagine my feelings:—

"'RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED,

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, JUNE THE —, 1843.'

"I had found out who the 'seeing' eyes belonged to! As I stood looking at the picture, I heard a mawkish voice behind me say:

"'There now, just look at that; ain't it *just* like Turner?—whoever saw such a ridiculous conglomeration?'

"'I turned very quietly round and said:

"'*I* did; I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true;' and walked quietly away.

"When I saw your *young* portrait of Turner, I saw that some of it was left in the

43 face,—enough to make me feel it always delightful to look at the picture.

"There, my dearest Mr. John, I've scribbled (for I can no longer *write*) as you wished. Best love to you, and love to all. I send it to Joan to read to you.

"Ever yours, with John's truest love,

"J. S."

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